

WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.

VOL. 14.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JUNE 1, 1885.

No. 1.

A. TRIBUTE.

TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEPARTED, JUNE 1ST, 1885.

Thou unforgotten one!—the years roll on,
And waves of joy and sorrow beat around,
And still we have God's servants to direct,
To guide, to comfort and uphold the flock—
To steer and pilot thro' the breakers strong,
That oft well nigh engulfed the noble ship—
But "Father's at the helm," so all is well.

Thro' all—while reason holds her regal seat,
And memory, as her Premier attends
And waits her bidding—thou wilt be remembered,
The light of other years, the wondrous charm
Of other days, when all was young within
Our souls, thou wert a magnate in the hand
Of God! raised by Him to do His bidding;
Thy name was heard thro' Europe's shrine—
A name made famous by the word sent forth,
That word, God given, made the mystic charm,
The prestige that thy presence threw around.
Whatever circle thou didst concentrate.

"List'n," a voice once said, "if I be lifted up
I will draw all men unto me!" 'Twas this
Same voice transmitted thro' the one commissioned,
The "Shepherd's" voice that drew the honest hearts,
The unsophisticate, the innocent and good,
Emitted thro' the voice of BRIGHAM YOUNG!

And thousands flocked to that magnetic voice,
They heard, they listen'd and gladly they obey'd—
The ancient prophecy was realized,
That "in a day a nation should be born!"
As "doves to windows flock" they flock'd to him;
He fed them with the Word, the bread of life,
It knows instinctively the heavenly taste,
And though but a crumb be dropp'd it rushes
Forth, o'er leaping all that would its course impede,
To grasp the morsel that will give it life.

The enameled pill that modern shepherds give,
Glossing it over with the name of Christ,
Starves, alas! e'en while 'tis masticated,
But on the table spread in latter days
The voice of God makes rich the blessed feast,
The bread and wine is consecrated food,
Feeding both soul and body those who eat.

Thy work on earth is done! but all whose eye
Expansive is, can look around and see
Thy foot-prints, the ear of memory recalls
Thy voice, the "eye of mind" can see thy form;
Thus, even to us, still sublunary,
Thou art not dead—that word is false.

From out our Lexicon we do eradicate
That word, so false, so meaningless, so sad.
We see thy tomb, but know thou art not there;
Thou, thy immortal self, wert never there;
The vacant niche awaiting thee, is thine,
With Joseph, Hyrum, Heber, and with those
Who, having left the earth, do congregate
In the grand empyrean of God!—
We feel, e'en there, thou dost remember us,
The gathered, the assembled flock of Christ,
Our Shepherd, King, Redeemer, Captain, Lord!

Our enemies to-day are mighty ones—
Through their malignant persecutions,
The dark and poisonous prisons
Hold incarcerate the honest and the good,
God's servants, in whose service youth was spent,
And even up to life's maturer age,
They've "borne the heat and burden of the day;"
The prayers of congregated Saints are heard,
Borne to the throne of grace by those once here;
We feel the electric chain is working still,
And whisp'rings, not of earth, inform our souls
We have a delegation in the court
Above, who know, and can present our case;
And thus, amid the din of persecution;

Wounded, we are calm, bruise'd, but never broken;
Faithful to our God, our leaders and ourselves.

HANNAH T. KING.

Salt Lake City, June 1st, 1885.

ESSENTIAL FREEDOM.

Essential freedom is the right to differ in opinion, and that right must be sacredly respected; nor must the privilege of dissent be conceded with disdain and coldness, but with cordiality and good will. No loss of rank, abatement of character, or ostracism from society must darken the pathway of the humblest of the seekers after truth, the right of free thought, free inquiry and free speech—as clear as the noonday.

Without a full and cheerful recognition of this right America is only a name, her glory a dream, her institution a mockery. How do such noble sentiments agree with the present crusade against the citizens of this Territory? When we take the privilege of differing with others in our opinion as to our religion, we are compelled to forfeit our character, and ostracism from society is our doom. We are denied the right of citizens, and, although we have suffered untold hardships, privations and trials to make this Territory what it is to-day, we are compelled to submit to have our avowed enemies rule over us, to have a despotism established in our midst, the rights and sanctity of the home circle invaded, wives dragged from their families and friends, questions asked that ought to cause the blush of shame to mantle the brow of any honorable court, to help criminate and send to prison that which is a part of themselves (they and their husbands being one) for *daring* to own as wives those whom they have sworn to cherish and protect through all time and eternity, for acknowledging their offspring as legitimate, and entitled to their support and protection.

You can search history in vain, even in the dark ages, for a precedent of such high-handed oppression. Well may we ask, "Where, oh! where is the nobility of soul, the patriotism, the freedom, that burned in the bosom of a Washington, an Adams and a Webster?" Have the noble and great men, that shed their blood for religious freedom, bled and died in vain? Is it true that they lived in vain? Yes. Oh, shame! that we should have to say it is true. The very foundation of the fabric of freedom is crumbling and tottering, and unless the Lord, the Mighty Ruler of the heavens and earth puts forth His might, the structure will be shattered and fall; but He has chosen this land—the home of the free—for His children to dwell upon, and He will protect the constitution. He inspired the forming of that document, He inspired the noble men that left their native land and braved the storms and dangers of the deep, and faced the trials incident to finding a home in an unknown land, and establishing religious freedom, that their souls might soar aloft to that high pinnacle, the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own convictions of right. History instructs us that the love of religious freedom, a compound sentiment in the breast of man, made up of the clearest sense of right, and the highest convictions of duty, is able to look the sternest despotism in the face, and with means, apparently most inadequate, to shake principalities and powers. The principle of toleration, in the broadest sense, is the most

just and wisest policy, and we, as a people, feel to award all the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences; we claim the same privilege. We claim the right given us by the Constitution, of being governed by men of our choice, by men that are citizens of our Territory, that are acquainted with the situation and condition of the people, and that have helped to make the Territory, and that are the friends of the people, men that have proved themselves trustworthy; that have the interest of the people at heart, and whose interests are interwoven with theirs. "We have a right—an indisputable, unalienable, indefeasible right to that most dreaded and envied kind of knowledge—I mean of the character and conduct of our rulers. Rulers are no more than agents or trustees of the people, and if the cause, the interest and trust is insidiously betrayed, or wantonly trifled away, the people have a right to revoke the authority, that they themselves have deputed, and to constitute other and better agents or trustees."—Webster.

Why not give us the same right that is given to other Territories, in the choice of officers? Why treat us as enemies and aliens? Do we not claim allegiance to this Republic? Do we not submit to all Constitutional laws? Yes, verily we do. There is not a people on this continent that are more loyal to the Constitution than the Latter-day Saints; there is no people on the earth that would bear with patience the indignities that are being heaped upon this people; their dearest rights taken from them, and all that they hold dear trampled under foot. Why do they bear it? Because they know in whom they trust; they know that the Lord, the Great Ruler of the universe, is at the head. We have petitioned the nation in vain, time upon time, for our rights to be respected. We have borne persecution and prosecution. We have importuned in vain for our wrongs to be redressed, and now, once again, we petition for equal rights with other citizens of this nation. We are a law-abiding people; we are *not* traitors, which we have proved time upon time, and we protest against packed juries. We protest against being considered guilty until we have had a fair and impartial trial by our peers, and are proved so. We protest against all proceedings that are *ex post facto* in their nature. We claim the right of protection in our persons, houses and effects, against unreasonable searches, and we claim the right to incorporate in the rites of our religion, whatever the Almighty sees fit to command His people to incorporate for the salvation of His people.

Living under the heavenly light of revelation, we hope to perform all the duties we owe to one another and to society; as whatever makes good Christians makes good citizens. Why have we not been admitted into the Union as a State? For years we have had all the necessary qualifications, and are able to assume the responsibilities of Statehood. We have proved, to a demonstration, the ability of our leading men to statesmanship; that they are not men who have any sinister ends to accomplish, no clamorous partisans to gratify, no pledges to redeem, no object to be regarded, but simply the public good. They have ever shown a liberal, open and free spirit. They have helped to convert this barren wilderness into a fruitful field; they have been one with the people in all their labors. Then why should

they not enjoy the fruits of that labor? Why should strangers enjoy what they have earned? Besides, it is the voice of the people, and have they not the right of choice? We claim that right. We have no fellowship for traitors or cowards. We look with scorn and contempt upon anything in the shape of a man that will prove recreant to his God, that will repudiate and cast away his wives, that will brand his offspring with shame! We have no language to express our scorn and loathing for such despicable cowards, but we leave them to the torments of their own consciences.

We will still raise our voices in defense of the principle of our holy religion; we will still declare that the Almighty has again spoken from the heavens, and that the holy Priesthood has been restored to man with all its power and authority, and that the principles which we incorporate in our religion are by the commandment of God, and we believe it right to obey the same, and no one has the right to curtail us in our religious rites; we have the right to differ in our opinions, and to be sustained in that right.

Praying for the advancement of the kingdom of God, and the success of the EXPONENT, the woman's organ of Utah, I remain,

Your sister in the Gospel of truth,

S. A. FULLMER.

Orangeville, Emery Co., May 10, 1885.

PATTY SESSIONS.

[Continued.]

During the first winter at Winter Quarters, on the borders of the Missouri River, it was quite common for the sisters to hold meetings to pray and exercise faith for those who had been left behind, that they might be permitted to join them, as also to give them courage to pursue their journey into the wilderness, as it was termed a place of freedom and safety.

On the 14th of February Sister Sessions says Sisters Zina Young, Eliza Snow, Catherine Markham and herself met at Sister Presendia Kimball's to pray for her daughter Sylvia and her child, that the way might be opened for them to come to the Saints. They had a good time and spoke in tongues and received the interpretation and enjoyed a good degree of the Spirit of the Lord.

On the 23rd there was a sort of a feast made for the widows and orphans, in the Council House, and Sister Sessions speaks of cooking for it.

On Friday, the 26th, she speaks of being with Mary, wife of Wm. Kimball, in her confinement, with her second daughter afterwards, called Marion.

On Sunday, the 28th, she speaks of being at a similar meeting to the one before mentioned, at her own house, where the Spirit of the Lord was poured out in rich abundance, and the sisters rejoiced greatly in the influence and power of its gifts. From this time Sister Sessions writes daily of her visits to the sick, her household duties, her carding and spinning and labors of various kinds, her thoughts and reflections upon the critical situation of the people, and her faith that all would work together for good. Almost every day she officiated where one or two children were born, and thus, we see, that although the Saints were scattered, as it were, and compelled to flee from their homes, Zion was still growing and increasing in numbers and strength.

Sunday, March 14th, Sister Sessions says, "Sister E. R. Snow came to see me and brought me a poem that she had written for me." This poem is inserted in the diary, and we publish it as given.

COMPOSED FOR MRS. PATTY SESSIONS, BY MISS
E. R. SNOW, MARCH 15TH, 1847.

Truth and holiness and love,
Wisdom, honor, joy and peace—

That which cometh from above,
In your pathway shall increase.

Thus the Spirit of the Lord
In your bosom shall abide;
And produce a rich reward,
While the "still small voice" shall guide.

Faith and holy confidence,
That will bear your spirit up,
Shall henceforward recompense
All the bitter of your cup.

Righteous are your heart's desires,
And they will not be denied;
But our Father oft requires
That our patience shall be tried.

Though He should at times withhold
Longer than your hopes expect:
You'll receive a double fold
When His wisdom shall direct.

Therefore, let your spirit rest—
God will order all things well;
And ere long you will be blest
More than human speech can tell.

And the Lord Himself will spread
Thro' your heart a holy pride
Of your chosen earthly head,
Your companion by your side.

Mutual shall your blessings be—
Mutual joys shall crown your way:
Thus in time:—Eternity
Opens to a brighter day.

Thursday, March 16th, 1847. Sister Sessions writes in her diary, "I visited the sick, among them Mary Pierce. She died to-day. Wednesday, 17th, she was buried and I went to the funeral Brigham Young preached. After attending the funeral I went to visit the sick, and my husband went with me to see the Widow Coleman's stepdaughter; we administered to her and she was healed."

One can easily understand how much people appreciated a little meat in those days by reading the following:

"Friday, 26th, Bro. Belnap sent me a quarter of a deer, and I divided it with Sisters Kimball and Buel; the same day I attended a special meeting, where Brigham Young preached. Sunday, 28th, went to meeting; all the Twelve that are here preached."

MORMON WOMEN.

Many of the Mormon women, as well as the men, are passing through a trying time, and were it not for their faith in the Gospel, and its saving principles, it would seem that many have almost more than they can bear.

Mormon women, as a rule, (who are blessed with a husband who is living in the line of his duty, who is true to his God and his covenants) love their husbands with the purest, strongest love. Therefore, it would be folly to think that they can see them forced from their presence, and from their homes and innocent children, for a period of months or years, without so much as a chance for a farewell word, to be locked behind prison bars, or wander as an exile, encountering all kinds of discomforts and dangers, without acute suffering and anguish? But this is what some of our sisters have had to endure in the last few months. Others have had to leave their homes and friends and seek an asylum among strangers; some at a time when home comforts were most needed; in some instances mothers are separated from their little ones, who sorely need a mother's care.

These are some of the trials inflicted on these women right at the present time, now, in the year of 1885; and who is responsible for these things? Not the men who figured prominently in the mobbing of the Saints, forty or fifty years ago, in the early rise of the Church, but those officious officials, who live and flour-

ish now. Many have wondered how such outrages could be perpetrated in the States of Missouri and Illinois, forty years ago, when here they are being enacted again right in the blaze of our advanced civilization and enlightenment. Delicate women have been made to suffer the most exquisite torture of mind. Some have been incarcerated in prison, and all for the sake of our religious convictions. But do we feel to bemoan our fate? Not at all; we feel to pass through what it is our lot to suffer with a cheerful spirit, realizing that though they may destroy the body, they have no power over the soul, and if they can afford to inflict this suffering upon us we can certainly afford to suffer at their hands, for it is very true that "There is no lane so long but it has a turning," and no matter what we may suffer through their usurpation of power, we can truly pity them for their blindness and folly; for "Having sown the wind they will surely reap the whirlwind," unless they speedily repent and humble themselves before God, for it is His cause and people whom they are fighting, and we do know there is a just God, who hears the cry of the widow and the fatherless, who will take cognizance of the suffering and anguish of those brave, true men who have dared to obey His command, and remain firm and true to their families, and in consequence of which they have been cast into prison, or become exiles from their once happy homes. The suffering of those wives and innocent children, who are thus deprived of their natural protector, of his love and care, will not go long unheeded.

With all we have to pass through, I feel I am safe in saying, there are none of us who would, on any consideration, change places with the wives of our persecutors. What woman, possessing the spirit of the Gospel, would part with a husband having the true elements of a man engrafted in his nature, the courage of a lion, mingled with gentleness and love, even though she might be one of three or four whom he honors, loves and protects, for one of those vile, corrupt, cruel-hearted creatures who bear the outward semblance of men, but who are ravaging wolves, seeking whom they may destroy. We would not exchange places for the wealth of the Indies.

We feel capable of managing our family affairs without any of their assistance, and I fancy if they will turn their attention to their own domestic matters they will find enough to keep them busy.

They give us the name of being ignorant, low and degraded, but I think they will find we have enough sense to shun and despise those human vultures who seek our ruin.

I pray God that we may ever prove true to our religion, to our God and to our noble husbands.

MARGUERITE.

Patents have been issued to women during the week ending April 28th, 1885, as follows:

Mary P. C. Hooper, New York, N. Y., Grated Shovel,

Betsey A. Maxey, Knoxville, Ill., Car-Coupling.

Lucinda Meekin, Cedar Town, Ga., Vehicle Wheel-hub.

Anna A. Wysong, Baltimore, Md., Ironing-Board and Table.

The following patents were issued to women for the week ending May 5th, 1885.

Eliza C. Atwood, Geneva, N. Y., Dustpan.

Phoebe J. Cunningham, Amber, Ia., Flower-stand.

Ann M. Freeman, Kansas City, Mo., Dress-cutting Rule.

Mamie F. Frey, Indianapolis, Ind., Button hook Holder for Shoes.

Nellie S. Stowell, New York, N. Y., Sharpening Tool.

IMPROMPTU LINES.

SUGGESTED ON VISITING THE PENITENTIARY,
MAY 24TH, 1885.

The prison—yes within the prison
I have seen those noble men!—
Home and freedom taken from them
'Mured within the hateful "pen!"

Wives and children severed from them,
Not because they were untrue,
Not because they failed to render
To each one their portion due;

Not because their love had wandered
Into bad, forbidden ways,
Not because their wealth they squandered
In licentious nights and days.

Such a course would be applauded
Such a mode is fashion's law—
"Be like us, and we'll reward you,"
Tho' with cart ropes sin you draw!

Tears rose up, and well nigh chok'd me,
But I forced them to their cell;
Glad I am I shut the flood gates
Down upon my heart's deep well.

Not in robes of regal splendor
Could I view you, as I do,
Homage of my soul I render
Without effort unto you.

Men and brethren, how I love you!
With a love the angels' feel,
Such a love as God inspires,
Love that lives thro' woe or weal!

Tho' my heart and brain sustain you,
Still my pride is mixed with grief;
Silent joy, and silent sorrow,
Only bring my soul relief.

Glad I am that I have seen you,
Glad am I you all feel well;
Prayers for you will be ascending
While in durance you must dwell.

In the arms of God I leave you,
Knowing He will hold you up;
While for righteous laws you suffer,
While you drink the bitter cup.

HANNAH T. KING.

Salt Lake City, May 25, 1885.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF EMILY D. P. YOUNG.

Continued.

"Verily I say unto you, who have assembled yourselves together, that you may learn my will concerning the redemption of mine afflicted people:

Behold, I say unto you, were it not for the transgressions of my people, speaking concerning the Church, and not as individuals, they might have been redeemed even now: but behold, they have not learned to be obedient to the things that I require at their hands, but are full of all manner of evil, and do not impart of their substance, as becometh Saints, to the poor and afflicted among them, and are not united according to the union required by the law of the celestial kingdom, otherwise I cannot receive her unto myself; and my people must be chastened until they learn obedience, if it must needs be by the things which they suffer.

I speak not concerning those who are appointed to lead my people, who are the first Elders of my Church, for they are not all under this condemnation; but I speak concerning my Churches abroad: there are many who will say, 'Where is their God? Behold, He will deliver in time of trouble; otherwise we will not go up unto Zion, and will keep our moneys.' Therefore, in consequence of the transgression of my people, it is expedient in me that mine Elders

should wait for a little season for the redemption of Zion, that they themselves may be prepared, and that my people may be taught more perfectly, and have more experience and know more perfectly concerning their duty, and the things which I require at their hands; and this cannot be brought to pass until mine Elders are endowed with power from on high: for behold, I have prepared a great endowment and blessing to be poured out upon them, inasmuch as they are faithful, and continue in humility before me; therefore, it is expedient in me that mine Elders should wait for a little season for the redemption of Zion, for behold, I do not require at their hands to fight the battles of Zion; for, as I said in a former commandment, even so I will fulfill, I will fight your battles.

Behold, the destroyer I have sent forth to destroy and lay waste mine enemies; and not many years hence they shall not be left to pollute mine heritage, and to blaspheme my name upon the lands which I have consecrated for the gathering together of my Saints.

Behold, I have commanded my servant; Baurak, he to say unto the strength of my house, even my warriors, my young men and middle aged, to gather together for the redemption of my people, and throw down the towers of mine enemies, and scatter their watchmen; but the strength of mine house hath not hearkened unto my words; but inasmuch as there are those who have hearkened unto my words, I have prepared a blessing and an endowment for them, if they continue faithful; I have heard their prayers, and will accept their offering, and it is expedient in me that they should be brought thus far for a trial of their faith. And now, verily I say unto you, that as many as have come up hither, that can stay in the region round about, let them stay; and those that cannot stay, who have families in the east, let them tarry for a little season. inasmuch as my servant Joseph shall appoint unto them, for I will counsel him concerning this matter, and all things whatsoever he shall appoint unto them shall be fulfilled.

And let all my people who dwell in the regions round about be very faithful and humble before me, and reveal not the things which I have revealed unto them, until it is wisdom in me that they should be revealed. Talk not of judgment, neither boast of faith, nor of many works, but carefully gather together, as much in one region as can be consistently with the feelings of the people, and behold, I will give unto you favor and grace in their eyes, that you may rest in peace and safety while you are saying unto the people, execute judgment and justice for us according to law, and redress us of our wrongs.

Now, behold, I say unto you, my friends, in this way you may find favor in the eyes of the people; until the army of Israel becomes very great; and I will soften the hearts of the people, as I did the heart of Pharaoh, from time to time, until my servant Baurak Ale and Baneemy, whom I have appointed, shall have time to gather up the strength of my house, and to have sent wise men to fulfill that which I have commanded concerning the purchasing of the lands in Jackson County, that can be purchased, and in the adjoining counties round about, for it is my will that these lands should be purchased, and after they are purchased that my Saints should possess them according to the laws of consecration which I have given; and after these lands are purchased I will hold the armies of Israel guiltless in taking possession of their own lands, which they have previously purchased with their moneys, and of throwing down the towers of mine enemies that may be upon them, and scattering their watchmen, and avenging me of mine enemies, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me. But firstly let my army become very great, and let it be sancti-

fied before me, that it may become fair as the sun, and clear as the moon, and that her banners may be terrible unto all nations, that the kingdoms of this world may be constrained to acknowledge that the kingdom of Zion is in very deed the kingdom of our God and His Christ: therefore let us be subject unto her laws.

Verily I say unto you, it is expedient in me that the first Elders of my Church should receive their endowments from on high, in my house, which I have commanded to be built unto my name in the land of Kirtland, and let those commandments which I have given concerning Zion and her laws be executed and fulfilled after her redemption.

There has been a day of calling, but the time has come for a day of choosing, and let those be chosen that are worthy, and it shall be manifested unto my servant, by the voice of my Spirit, those that are chosen, and they shall be sanctified; and inasmuch as they follow the counsel which they receive they shall have power, after many days, to accomplish all things pertaining to Zion.

And again I say unto you, sue for peace; not only the people that have smitten you, but also to all people; and lift up an ensign of peace, and make a proclamation for peace unto the ends of the earth; and make proposals for peace unto those who have smitten you, according to the voice of the spirit which is in you, and all things shall work together for your good: therefore, be faithful, and behold, and lo! I am with you even unto the end; even so. Amen."

I did not intend to insert the whole of the foregoing revelation, but I found nothing to leave out; and perhaps it may be better understood to read it in connection with the circumstances that called it forth.

"About this time," the Prophet says, "Bro's Thayre and Hayes (in Zion's camp) were attacked with the cholera, and Brother Hancock was taken during the storm. I called the camp together and told them that in consequence of the disobedience of some who had been unwilling to listen to my words, but had rebelled, God had decreed that sickness should come upon them, and that they should die like sheep with the rot; that I was sorry, but could not help it. Previous to this, while on our journey, I had predicted and warned them of the danger of such chastisement, but there is some who would not give heed to my words.

"On the 23rd resumed our march for Liberty, Clay County, taking a circuitous course round the head of Fishing River to avoid the deep water. When within five or six miles of Liberty we were met by Gen. Atchison and other gentlemen, who desired us not to go to Liberty, as the feelings of the people were so enraged against us. At their communication we wheeled to the left, and crossing the prairie and woodland came to Sidney Gilbert's residence, and encamped on the bank of Rush Creek, in Brother Burghart's field.

"During this a council of High Priests assembled in fulfillment of the revelation given the day previous, and the following individuals were called and chosen as they were made manifest unto me by the voice of the Spirit and revelation to receive their endowment: Edward Partridge was called and chosen to go to Kirtland and receive his endowment with power from on high, and also to stand in his office as Bishop, to purchase lands in the State of Missouri." Several others were called and chosen at this time to go to Kirtland and receive their endowments.

"The same day the Elders made the following reply, as before referred to, to S. E. Owens and others, committee of the Jackson County mob."

WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, Editor.

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SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1885.

THE TOPIC OF THE DAY.

The all-absorbing topic of the day is the present crusade, for it can be called nothing better, against the Latter-day Saints, the different methods pursued to entrap and ensnare men into the hands of the enemy. It might be interesting as a study if it were not so intensely cruel in its effects upon an innocent and inoffensive people.

The impaneling of the jury is in itself a miserable parody upon justice, and not at all according to the American idea of being tried by one's peers, of which men, everywhere, talk with such pride.

The Commissioner's office seems to be a regular trap set on purpose to deceive people, and when they are told the Grand Jury are not in session, and they feel comparatively at ease so far as deputy Marshals and spies are concerned; they are arrested without any notice and taken before the Commissioner and bound over in bonds, etc. Witnesses are also questioned and bound over, and if they do not answer the most insolent questions, sent up for contempt. How many women might be sent to the penitentiary in a day in the City of New York, or even good old Boston, or Quaker Philadelphia, if women were arrested and taken before a commissioner and plyed with the same sort of questions? If they were as unwilling to reply as Lucy Devereaux their penitentiaries would soon be full.

However this is at random, for they don't ask them who the fathers of their children are, nor they don't provide even a penitentiary to put them in, but let them crawl into any corner or hovel they like, or let good and noble women, who have the courage and humanity to do it, provide places of refuge for these unfortunate creatures and their helpless offspring, or they are lost altogether and die of disease and want; and who is to blame? Not legislators or congressmen, they have no time to regulate such things; their business is to see after those who enter the "marriage relation," and who provide ~~trimes and comforts~~ and luxuries for their wives and their children.

Their business is to make laws that will disfranchise the very men and women who have spent their lives in building up the country and making an oasis in the desert, where all may find a resting place in peace and security, and having founded homes and habitations, built up cities and towns, fostered institutions of learning and established governments in accordance with the laws and Constitution of the United States, in fact having to the best of their ability acted up to the rights and privileges given to free citizens of this great Republic, after all this to be deprived of all the rights and privileges that make up the sum of human happiness, to be subject to imprisonment and fines, to be tried by a jury not of one's peers, but of men who have no conception of the high sense of honor and nobility that characterizes men who have taken upon themselves sacred and holy covenants, is a fact at which the heart turns sick, and one turns away appalled with this semblance of justice in a land of religious freedom. Alas! for the banner of liberty that floats over the "land of the free and the home of the brave." What tragedies are enacted under

its sheltering folds: "How have the mighty fallen!"

The high handed manner in which the law has been administered in Idaho surpasses even what has occurred in Utah, and yet such injustice goes unpunished, and "our poor country" must suffer for the misdeeds of ruthless plunderers and carpet baggers.

The Edmunds law has been pronounced Constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States; and whatever may be the opinion of men and women concerning the matter, the reverence they have for the country which they love and honor, will give them grace and courage to submit to the enforcement of the law, but they have a right to protest against the one-sided administration of it, and against the wicked and unjust proceedings of officials sent here to administer it.

But if men think for one moment there is no God in this matter, they fall into an egregious error. Men may scoff and ridicule the Latter-day Saints, even as the Jews did the Savior thousands of years ago, but they will, ere long, find to their shame and sorrow that God lives and reigns, that He is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and that He honors those who do the works of Abraham, and who are not afraid to be found serving Him, though all the powers of darkness conspire to hinder them.

There are many things that might be worse than this crusade, bad as it is, and, therefore, the Saints ought not to murmur, for were a devastating sickness to cover all the land, as has been prophesied of again and again, there would be more sorrow and greater trials than those through which the people are now passing. There can be no doubt that trials such as the people are experiencing now will be salutary and beneficial in their effects however hard it may seem.

The brethren who are in prison feel well; they are comforted by the Holy Spirit, and their families rejoice that they are worthy to suffer for the Gospel's sake.

Many who were faint-hearted before, and especially among the young people, are growing stronger in defense of the principles of the Gospel, and this is something most desirable and gratifying, and for which the Saints certainly have reason to rejoice, for it is upon the rising generation the burden of the work of building up Zion must inevitably fall. And Zion *will* be established in beauty and glory, notwithstanding persecution wages fierce and strong, and the clouds hang heavy and dark at the present time, the storm will clear up.

There is no fear in the hearts of those who are keeping the commandments of God, for they know all will be well, though they may feel very deeply the situation in which the Saints are now placed.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE are pleased to acknowledge the gift of a bouquet of the choicest and most beautiful flowers imaginable, from the garden of Sister Martha McKay of this city. The fragrance was most delightful, and these emblems of purity, constancy and affection are always grateful to a lover of nature. Several other gifts of violets, lilacs etc., deserve mention, but we must not forget the large and lovely bouquet from a little Primary girl in the Nineteenth Ward. Many, many thanks.

MRS. M. I. HORNE, Prest- of the Relief Society of this Stake of Zion, wishes to state to the different branch Presidents that have not procured the new and improved blanks for making out reports, that they can obtain them from her; also that the semi-annual report will be required for the Stake Conference in the latter part of July, and a copy of it will answer for the Relief Society Conference, which will be held about the middle

or 20th of September. Therefore, at the June Conference, only verbal reports will be required. The next Conference of the Relief Society of this Stake will be held on the 26th and 27th of June.

THE closing exercises at the University this year were more than usually interesting. The large study room was crowded with students and visitors. Prayer was offered by Hon. H. S. Eldredge. The University singing class, under Prof. E. Stephens, furnished music for the occasion. Prof. T. B. Lewis made an eloquent opening address, and an appropriate and feeling valedictory was given by Charles England, normal student, from Hyde Park. President J. R. Park responded in a suitable address, and after giving some special advice to the normal department, presented diplomas to the normal graduates, fourteen in number, from different parts of the Territory. The chorus "Good Bye" was rendered by the singers, and Hon. Wm. Jennings, Regent of the institution, pronounced the benediction.

THE annual meeting of the Primary Association of the Nineteenth Ward was held in the meeting house, on Tuesday last, May 19th, commencing at 2 p.m., Counselor, Miss Ella Nebeker, presiding in the absence of the President. Children sang, "In our lovely Deseret." Prayer by Elder E. Beesley. Singing, "Gather up the sunbeams." Minutes read and approved. Yearly report read and accepted. This Primary has two manuscript papers, one by the girls, and one by the boys. "The Gem," No. 1, of Vol 5; was read by the editor, Miss Dora Bowman. It contained original poems, essays, etc., indicating considerable talent, and was very well read. Miss Violet Nebeker, organist. The programme was as follows: Song, Katie and Euphemia Irvine, "Weeping Willow;" Original Poem, entitled "Persecution," by Miss Olive Derbidge, read by herself, was an interesting feature of the programme; Essay, "The Sabbath Day," Master Wm. Neal; Song, "Mama's Boy and Papa's Man;" Verses from the Bible, Master John Pugsley; Song and accompaniment, Freddie Derbidge, Freddie Ridges and Alvin Beesley; Song, Amy and Rachel Collett, "Never forget the dear ones around the social hearth;" Song, Julius Billeter and Claude Ridges; Song, Misses Bertha Irvine, Addie Solomon, Lydia Kiddle and J. Galligar; Dialogue, Annie and Emma Hamlin; Verses from Christ's Sermon on the Mount, one of the Ridges' boys; Alvin Beesley and Johnnie Pike, Boat song, with chorus. This finished the programme, which showed great improvement in the children, and special training by the President and her assistants. Remarks were made by Sisters E. C. Clawson and E. B. Wells, also by the president of the Relief Society, Sister Rachel Whipple, and her counselors, Sisters Annie E. Neal and Ann Player, also by Sisters C. C. Raleigh, Jane Macduff and Mary Irvine, and by Elder E. Beesley. The young girls who have charge of the Association certainly manage it in a very admirable manner, and are deserving of great credit.

THE annual meeting of the Primary Association at Big Cottonwood, was held at the ward house on Friday, May 23rd, at eleven a.m., Mrs. Ellen Sutherland presiding. Singing, and prayer by Bro. Mumford. Singing. Minutes of last annual meeting read and approved. There were about one hundred children present, about equally divided, boys and girls. Programme of exercises: "Somebody's Mother," Master John Quist; Dialogue, eight little girls; a song; Recitation, "Twelve things to be avoided;" seven girls and boys reading in concert "Arthur's Prayer;" Isabel McDonald, song, "The Old Hat;" Song and chorus, by half a dozen girls; Master McDonald, recitation; Valeria Brinton, essay on "Good Order;" Recitation, Elizabeth Andrews, and some other exercises, all creditably rendered, completed the programme. Remarks were made

by Sisters E. C. Clawson, L. A. Wells, Camilla Cobb, E. R. S. Smith and E. B. Wells. Sister Emily Stevenson was nominated and unanimously sustained as Assistant Counselor to Sister Sutherland, and Luella Brinton and Valeria Brinton as Assistant Secretaries. They were also addressed by Isabella McGhie and Mary AcAllister, also by Counselor J. C. Casto, Bro. Worthington, Supt. of the Sunday School, and Bro. Hanson, Prest. of the Y. M. M. I. A. of that ward. The benediction was pronounced by Master Francis McDonald. The meeting was followed by a Childrens' Fair, in an adjoining room, where a great variety of articles, made by the little people, were on exhibition: There was plain and fancy sewing in various useful articles, as well as some ornamental, crochet work, in baskets, tidies, cushions, etc., wool and wax flowers, quilt and rugs, baskets, and also cooking by the girls—bread, butter and cakes, all displaying the skill and ingenuity of these industrious and intelligent small folks. The little boys had on exhibition some articles in wood work and a specimen of blacksmithing; in all a pretty good showing. Tables were set in the hall, and about three hundred, including the children, partook of a bounteous repast. Master George McDonald asked the blessing at the table. The meeting and fair both passed off satisfactorily, and Sister Sutherland and her assistants in this good labor must feel gratified with the degree of success they have achieved.

THE annual meeting of the four districts of Mill Creek was held on Tuesday, May 26th, commencing at 10 a.m., at the ward meeting house, Mrs. Mary McAllister, President, second district, presiding in the forenoon. After singing, prayer was offered by Elder Wm. Hill; then singing. Minutes read and approved. Programme of second district: Questions and answers from the children in concert; Dialogue, "Put yourself in my place," by two boys; Recitation, by a young girl; song by four Misses Bowden, "Then wake again the songs of old," very sweetly sung; Recitation; then an essay on "Honesty," Annie Bowden; very good; Organ Solo, by Luetta Cornwell, very well rendered; Recitation, by Leslie Bowden, five years old. Miss Mary Belle White was nominated and sustained as Secretary for conjoint district meetings. Remarks by Sister E. C. Clawson, after which there were exercises from the P. A. of the first district. Recitation, Blanche Williams, a very little girl; Recitation, Master John Bolton; Dialogue, by five girls; Recitation, Elizabeth Cook; Recitation, Master Walter Anderson; Dialogue, two little girls; Recitation, Master Thomas Gunderson. Remarks were made by E. R. S. Smith and Bishop Hamilton. The children sang the "Word of Wisdom." Benediction by Bishop James Hamilton. Afternoon session, at 2 p.m., Mrs. Francis Hanson, of the third district, presiding. After singing, prayer and singing the programme, was carried out as follows: Recitation, "A Christmas Eve Adventure," by Basha Snedaker; Dialogue, three boys; Song, two little girls, "I'd be a butterfly," very beautifully rendered; Recitation, by a very little girl; Dialogue, four young girls; Recitation, a young girl; then a song, after which the programme of the fourth district was given, which consisted of a recitation, by a little girl; Dialogue, two little girls; Recitation, a little girl; Song, two little girls. This concluded the programme for the day, followed by remarks from Sisters E. B. Wells, L. A. Wells and E. C. Clawson, who gave the children two maxims to be remembered and observed by them—"Return good for evil," and "It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong." Sister E. R. S. S. then made some impressive remarks to the children, and Counselor Snedaker followed with encouraging words. Mrs. Ann Morgan was chosen and sustained as Assistant Counselor to Mrs. Francis Hanson of the third

district. During the day a report was read from each district, showing the energy and labors of the Association. We must not fail to mention Bro. Nathaniel Bowden, who has taken very great pains to instruct the children in singing, and they are certainly indebted to him for progress and harmony in this direction. Meeting closed by singing, "We want to see the Temple." Benediction by Elder Jens Hansen.

R. S. AND Y. L. MEETING.

The Ladies' semi-monthly meeting was held in the Assembly Rooms in the 14th Ward of this City, Saturday, May 16th, at 2 p.m., Sister M. I. Horne presiding. After singing prayer was offered by Sister Caroline Raleigh. Then singing. Minutes of previous meeting read, and also minutes from the Y. L. of the 15th and 20th Wards, and P. A. of the 5th, 4th and 15th Wards.

Prest. Horne made opening remarks, in which she referred to the condition of the Latter-day Saints at the present time, and said if we would become strong in God's might we must be very faithful in keeping His commandments. "There is an order in the kingdom of God which we must obey, and if we do not do this we are treading on dangerous ground. The Lord will bring about His purposes, and His ways are not our ways." Spoke of the opinions the world entertain in regard to us as a people; thought that our persecutions were in fulfillment of Scripture. Said, "Let us be calm and press forward and we will come off victorious."

The Presidents of Relief Society were then invited to speak, and Sisters Diana Reid, Margaret McMaster and Ann Player responded; also Sister Sarah M. Kimball.

Sister Bathsheba Smith spoke a short time about the Deseret Hospital. Said, "It is now time to pay our annual membership fee," and hoped all would respond, as there was need of funds at the present time to keep up the institution, and if there were any sisters who could furnish some rag carpet it would be very acceptable.

Remarks were afterwards made by Sisters Mary Ann Pratt, Caroline Raleigh and M. A. E. Watmough.

Prest. Horne made a few closing remarks, and the meeting adjourned for two weeks. Singing, "Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah." Benediction by Sister E. S. Taylor.

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

This clever and talented writer visited Salt Lake recently in company with her husband, Mr. Daniel Holmes. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes reside in Brockport, near Rochester, New York. The gentleman is a lawyer by profession, and while traveling in the west is corresponding for a Rochester paper. Both husband and wife are people of culture and literary attainments. Mrs. Holmes is perhaps as well known and as much loved, through her books, as any woman in America. Like other authors she has a style of her own, and it is one very fascinating, especially to the young.

She commenced writing stories when very young, and her first novel was written when she was fifteen years of age. She is still writing and publishing, and is now engaged upon a book entitled "Tracy Park." She only writes about three hours in a day, usually from nine to twelve in the morning.

Mrs. Holmes is very pleasing in conversation, self-possessed, gentle and lady-like, without the least ostentation or seeming desire to be known at once as the celebrated authoress. She is tall and graceful in figure, with a pleasant face, which bespeaks candor and amiability, yet marked with

the individuality that tells its own story of the author and the woman.

Mrs. Holmes expressed herself as delighted with our beautiful city and its surroundings, and appreciated the attentions shown her by those she had the pleasure of meeting while here. She seemed to be especially gratified with her visit to the Lion House to see Sister Eliza, and intends writing her impressions of this remarkable woman.

Mrs. Holmes had no bitterness in her heart towards our people, but seemed very anxious to learn all she could of our belief and our institutions.

MRS. ELLEN E. DICKINSON

EDITOR EXPONENT:

You asked me to give you my thoughts and feelings on Mrs. Dickinson's book, "New Light on Mormonism," but my mind is perfectly dark upon where the new light, or any true light comes in. I confess my sense of truth and justice only allowed me to "dip in" to such a tirade of gross misrepresentations, for, indeed, my time is too precious to read such libels, written in such a flippant, impertinent, not to say impudent style, exhibiting the assumption of a mind determined to abuse and misrepresent the people she has set down to make a book about, of course for money, and a love of pandering to the varied taste of the age. Throughout the pages she sins against light and knowledge, and if by accident, tells a truth, that is admirable about the Mormons, in the very next sentence she asserts some outrageous lie to counteract any good influence she thinks she might have thrown over her readers.

I should consider it beneath the dignity of a Latter-day Saint to attempt to "enter the lists" with such a contemptible opponent. Silence is the only commentary for such a scribbler. She is of the Kate Field school, in which such characters show by their writings and effusions that they have taken the professorship of *Diablerie*.

H. T. K.

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

We learn from the papers that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher calls our religion a strange phenomenon. I think it quite as strange that any person who loves and reveres the Savior of the world, as he seemed to have done, could ignore this latter day work.

I well remember reading a lecture delivered by this reverend gentleman some time since, in which he expressed his love for the Savior in the highest terms imaginable. His prayer, too, was very devotional. I quite enjoyed the spirit it breathed, and exclaimed, "Such a person will certainly appreciate and accept the message which has inspired us to action."

The lecture was delivered to the students of a military school, in one of the eastern cities. This reverend gentleman is considered to be a man of sound mind and good judgment, and how he can prefer the state the world is in to-day, to the lessons taught by our Great Law Giver, the Savior, I cannot understand.

The message sent to us is to live in the most strict obedience to the laws of Christ, that we may be prepared to receive Him when He comes to reign on the earth.

Certainly the most reasonable ideas we could conceive of. Those who cannot comprehend such must be blind indeed, and classed with those the Savior called blind leaders of the blind. Yet we remember that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, were chosen. So Paul says, "Knowledge puffeth up; but charity edifieth." A person who has been popular for any length of time can not afford to lose his good

name, and we can not afford to give up our faith for theirs. It will never satisfy, because it is not perfect.

M. E. KIMBALL.

Salt Lake City, May 22nd.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OMER, Round Valley, Arizona, May 6th, '85.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

I thought I would write a few lines to let you know how we are getting along in this far off country.

Our Society is in a good condition, as well as the other associations. The sisters are feeling well considering the circumstances. Two of the brethren are in prison, one in Detroit, the other in Yuma, while many others are absent; but we feel that it is all right, that the work of the Lord is rolling on, and all we have to do is to live our religion, and stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.

We prize the EXPONENT very much. It always comes like an old friend that we have been waiting to see.

Your sister in the covenant of peace.

E. J. BURK.

R. S., Y. L. M. I. A. & P. A. REPORTS.

EAST HARRISVILLE.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

We have been called to part with one of our young ladies, Sister Emma Taylor, daughter of P. G. and Jane N. Taylor, who departed this life on the 22nd of March, after an illness of only two days. It has cast a gloom over the ward, but the Lord's will be done, and not ours.

The Relief Society hold their meetings every two weeks; there is always a goodly number present. Our worthy President and Counselors are trying to do the best they can, always giving good counsel, and we enjoy the Spirit of the Lord in our meetings to a very great extent. Our Bishop, P. G. Taylor meets with us very often and gives us good counsel, and encourages the sisters in their good works.

We have on hand, wheat, 275 bushels; property, \$14; cash, \$15; cash out on interest, \$150; and have donated to the Ogden Tabernacle \$14 in cash this year.

This is my first attempt to address a few lines to the EXPONENT. I have taken that valuable little paper four years. My husband joins with me in reading it, and we enjoy it very much; it reminds us of what our parents have passed through in days that are past and gone, as well as the troubles at the present time.

Ever wishing the EXPONENT success, I remain,

Your sister in the Gospel,
MELISSA A. SHURLIFF, Prest.,
MARY E. KEYES, Sec.

HEBER, LUNA VALLEY, NEW MEXICO.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

As I am a reader of your valuable little paper, and have seen no communications from this isolated settlement, hence the liberty I take in penning a few lines to you, concerning the Primary Association, hoping you will give them space in your paper.

The Heber Ward Primary Association was organized October 26th, 1884, by Bishop G. C. Williams with Virginia Curtis, President; Eveline Lee and Mary Swapp, Counselors; Mary Williams, Secretary; Sarah Ellsworth, Assistant Secretary; George Williams Treasurer, and thirty-two members enrolled; they now number sixty-two. The little ones have made great progress in a short time. They

gave an entertainment the first day of May, which consisted of crowning the May Queen, songs, recitations, dialogues, etc. All gave such satisfaction that we cannot mention names. In the afternoon the little folks went forth in a dance and picnic. All enjoyed themselves—parents in seeing their little ones have pleasure. A party was given at night for the adults, the proceeds to go for the benefit of the Association. So, you see, we are trying to imitate the settlements of our dearly loved Utah as much as we can in our feeble way. The health of the people, in general, is good.

Wishing for the success of the EXPONENT, and all those who are trying to help forward the great work, I remain,

One of your sisters,

E. V. C.

BURNHAM, NEW MEXICO.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

As there has been no mention of our affairs in this far off place for some time, I thought it would be well to speak once more, lest we be forgotten, or at least thought spiritually dead. Our Young Ladies' were reorganized last winter with about twenty members—officers and all. Mary Burnham was chosen President; Eliza B. Farnsworth and Ardell Stevens, Counselors; Jenny Allan, Secretary; Abbie Stevens, Assistant Secretary; Lizzie Stevens, Treasurer. We have held our meetings quite regular once a week, and each has manifested a desire to improve. Some essays have been written, and many of them would have done credit to a society of a more advanced age. We have only the one organization at present, and all are interested to help make it a success.

Our Sunday School was also partially reorganized sometime ago, and is doing as well as could be expected. I think, sometimes, those who live in large and old settlements in Utah hardly realize what uphill work it is to get along with so little material to work with; yet we try to realize the fact that God helps those who put their trust in Him, and we are very thankful that thus far we are left in peace, though we do not flatter ourselves we are more deserving, but that our turn has not been served yet, and we pray, when it is, that we may follow the noble example set by some of our Utah brethren and sisters.

How we view with contempt the cowardly actions of some who seem to prefer to be called honorable gentlemen by these officious officials, who have scarcely a conception of honor, rather than have the love and confidence of their brethren and sisters, or the approval of the God whose laws they have pretended to love; but they love their own selfish natures the best, and will be rewarded accordingly.

God bless the Saints and all who are true, and strengthen the cast down, is the prayer of
MARY BURNHAM.

WHITECHAPEL BRANCH, LONDON.

Zion is upward and onward, for "now is the day of Israel." If those who are skeptical on this point; or have the hardihood to call in question the fact, had attended Orson's large assembly rooms in the Mile End, on Wednesday evening, March 25th, their conceived notions, or errors on this point would have received a most severe shock. Such would have been compelled to acknowledge that there is in Mormonism an irresistible force and latent power, that only requires occasion to call forth and make manifest; for notwithstanding the wave of persecution now passing over the Zion of God, yet the Latter-day Saints follow on in the even tenor of their way, and, like Jesus of old, go about and try to do good, by visiting the poor and succoring the needy. Among the

various agencies for thus doing good the Relief Society stands forth pre-eminently.

On the above date was celebrated the eleventh anniversary of the Relief Society of the above branch, by the usual concert or entertainment. The programme had received a wise and judicious censorship, and so nothing occurred or passed that could have offended the most cultured taste, or infringed in the least degree upon the rules of propriety. As Saints of God we desire to set a good example in all things, even in our amusements.

After singing a hymn, and prayer for the divine blessing by Elder J. G. M. Barnes, Prest. H. Garner, who presided, called, at half past seven o'clock, for the first song, and from that time until eleven o'clock, with but a short interval of ten minutes, the interest never flagged. In fact we are within bounds to remark, that enthusiasm prevailed throughout. Again, in several instances, considerable talent was displayed. That the M. I. Associations in London among the Saints, begin to bear good fruit must have been patent even to the least observant.

In this limited space all that can be done is to make a passing reference to a few, who, by their talents, seem to demand some notice. All, however, tried to do their best. I will here remark that the concert was graced with the presence of Elder C. W. Penrose, the talented Editor of the *Deseret News*. The song composed by him, entitled "The loved ones at home," was sung by Sister Angie Cross in her usual able style. A part song by the Sisters Chalk and S. Edgley was most pleasing, entitled "Love at Home." A comic song, by Elder W. Loveday, was a treat. Sister A. Gell again excelled in her song, "The old Maid," given with quaint humor. A Dutch Recitation, by Elder C. Denny, was very amusing. The Sisters Cornell sang most creditably, "He wipes the tear from every eye." The twenty-third Psalm was chanted in a most beautiful manner by Sisters Isabella and Fanny Chulk—alto and treble. It was likely a fine treat to hear Prest. Garner and family, with Sister M. A. Edgley, sang a part song, "There is nothing like the Mormons." A lengthy song by a young sister, M. A. Nunn, "The Stowaway," deserves more than passing notice. Again the Comic Recitation, composed by Bro. H. Garner, and given by the writer, "The Cheap Jack," excited general hilarity, as did a song composed by the writer, entitled "The Mormon Bells." The Bros. Spillman likewise were very amusing. The following report was read by the Secretary:

Eleventh Annual Report of the Relief Society of the Whitechapel Branch, for the year ending March 4th, 1885. This Society consists of a President, two Counselors and eight Teachers. Number of meetings held during the year, twenty-four. Visits made, ninety. Cash collected from all sources, £12. 14s. 11d. Disbursements, £11 0s 10½d. On hand, £1 14s 0½d.

The Spirit of the Lord has been abundantly in their midst, which has given them assurances that their Heavenly Father has approved of their humble endeavors in trying to do what they could. Earnestly praying for a continuance of His mercies and blessings during the coming year, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

MARY GARNER, President,
ANN GELL, Secretary.

Elder Penrose made a few wise and fitting remarks. He said if the mothers were to imbibe noble ideas and impulses they would be imparted to their offspring.

A short address by Prest. L. Lund, and prayer by Elder R. Braby, and one of the most successful anniversaries, if not the most, yet held was brought to a close.

The large meeting hall had been rendered most attractive by four large pictures or draw-

ings, and nineteen mottoes exhibited on the walls, the work of Bro. Whitbeck; one of the pictures depicting Elder R. Braby blessing a child. The numbers who attended, including strangers, was without precedent.

ALEXANDER R. CLARK, Branch Sec.

A GENTILE'S ADVICE.

MRS. E. B. WELLS:

It may appear to others that it is none of my business, as I do not live among the "Mormons," but I sympathize with an honest and industrious people, who are trying to establish primitive Christianity, and who are being imposed upon and misrepresented by a few adventurers, who have set up in business there to fatten and grow rich on the honest toil of the Mormons.

This, I learn, is the case in your country. This ought not to be so. The Mormons have seventy-five per cent of the population, and ought to control almost everything, even though many of your best citizens are disfranchised, if they would act as a unit in other matters—that is, never spend a dollar of their money with any but their own people, establish your own fashions and trade only with your own people, and let no empty declaration of friendship fool you, for words are mighty cheap. If they have not incurred and brought on themselves the opposition of the world by uniting with the Church and being in full harmony with you, have nothing to do with them; let them severely alone; don't patronize their schools, nor places of amusement, nor attend their churches, for if you are right they are wrong, and gospel speculations ought not to be encouraged by those who have the truth already.

This may look selfish to some, but the law of self-defense requires it in your case, for the pretty goods and flattering talk your young people will see and hear at the stores of Babylon will lead many in their ways, and this weakens the Mormons and strengthens them; and if this should continue in a few years they will have the majority in numbers; and then, backed by the Federal Government, as they are, you would be driven away from your homes and property, as your people were in Missouri forty years ago; but if you could act as a unit, and have no dealings with the enemy, they would not be tempted to settle among you, and it would help to drive the spies and traitors out of your midst. * * *

In war times the most enlightened people have hung spies and traitors; but I don't encourage hanging, for the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill." But don't visit your enemies nor receive them in your social circles; the public frown is very powerful, and it will, in time, drive all but the dark-devil sort out of your midst.

JOHN M. RUSSELL.

Alabama.

A FEW WORDS FROM MOAB.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

Thinking a few lines from this part of the country would not come amiss, I take pleasure in writing.

Our Relief Society is trying to keep along with the rest of the Society as near as possible, with a good spirit and feeling at least. We hold our testimonial meetings monthly, and our working meetings every two weeks. We have very good meetings.

On the 4th of May we, with some of the brethren, held a meeting in honor of Sister Mary Jenson, previous to her departure for Colorado, she having been President of our Relief Society. She is a faithful sister, and was much beloved by all associated with her.

The meeting was opened by singing and prayer, as usual, the roll was called, and the minutes of the previous meeting were then read. Sister China Lutz was then set apart to fill the vacancy that would be caused by Sister Jensen's departure, and we also had the pleasure of listening to some very instructive and interesting remarks made by the brethren.

With best wishes for the success of your paper, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your sister in the Gospel,
MARY M. PEARCE.

WOMAN'S VOICE.

DEAR EDITOR:

I thought I would write a few lines to the EXPONENT, if you thought proper to insert them in your valuable little paper.

I am glad to notice in the paper the interest that the sisters take in it. I thought I would like to be one amongst them to bear my mite of testimony to the great work of the last days, to encourage all to press onward courageously and faithfully; never mind the scoffs and frowns of the world; we have all got a cross to bear, and it will make our cross the brighter to shine when we have performed our part, and shown to all the world and our Heavenly Father, that we are on His side. Some have only been engaged but a short time in this work, and some have been for years; I myself have been engaged in it for thirty-two years, and have had many ups and downs in it, and expect many more if I am spared much longer; but my age tells me not to make any promises, but to hold on to-day, and if I am spared till to-morrow, still hold on, for we know not what to-morrow may bring forth. It is a time of trouble, but we were never promised much pleasure in this life, and if it were not for the hope that is in us, through the promise of the word of God, I fear if many would be able to stand firm, but I would say dear sisters never mind the scoffs and trials of this world, we have all a cross to bear, and if found faithful it will only make our cross the brighter.

Then let us try and bear all that is put upon us, till we are called to give account of ourselves; then how pleased shall we be to hear the welcome word, "Well and faithfully done, enter into my rest." Oh! how good will that rest be after such a life of toil and trouble that some of us have borne. I can say my whole life, since I embraced the Gospel, has been one continual trial and vexation, but I want to hold on, and if possible to find that rest which the Scriptures speak of, "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."

Dear sisters, that we may be found faithful to our covenants and enter into the joy of our Lord, is the prayer and wish of your sister in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

With best feelings for all who love the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, I am,
Your sister in the Gospel,

E. B.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Divine confidence can swim upon those seas which feeble reason cannot fathom.—*Bishop Hall.*

To become acquainted in youth with a great woman develops all a man's powers, and gives him a thousand talents.—*Ex.*

Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.—*Ex.*

The only true way of preventing a single

desire from absorbing our nature and ruining our usefulness is to bring others into constant play.—*Ex.*

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember the poorest man in the world is he who has money and nothing else."—*Ex.*

The man who neither sees, hears, nor participates in anything beyond his own immediate surroundings can know little beyond the narrow boundary of his own individuality—a very circumscribed sphere to live and work in.—*Ex.*

"And so with principles. Lots of folks spend most of their days a plantin' seeds that went come up. But if the idee is true and has got life in it, no matter how dark the mould that covers it, it is morally bound to sprout—positively bound to and can't be hindered."—*Samantha.*

He who is never dissatisfied with himself or others, and never discontented with things around him, cannot be expected to make any strenuous efforts at improvement. He may live out a life of ease and serenity, but it will be the ease of torpor and the serenity of indolence.—*Ex.*

NOTES AND NEWS.

There are eighty-one women county superintendents of schools in Kansas.

Belva Lockwood is expected in Salt Lake City about the last of June, and will probably lecture here.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, President of the Woman's Exposition, will return from New Orleans about June 15, and go at once to Newport for the summer.

Roberts Brothers of Boston, have just published Miss Ingelow's new volume. It is entitled "Poems of the Old Days and the New."—*Ex.*

Mrs. E. C. Agassiz is said to be writing a biography of her husband, Prof. Louis Agassiz, with which will be incorporated many important letters.—*Ex.*

The Empress of Austria, although a grandmother, is considered the first huntress in Europe. She is fond of the society of circus-riders on account of her love for the horse.

The enormous cathedral of Moscow, built to hold 10,000 persons, and at a cost of £2,000,000, is just completed. It has taken fifty years to build, and was intended to commemorate the defeat of Napoleon.—*Ex.*

The Rev. Dr. Shaw, of Rochester, N. Y., pastor of the largest Protestant church in the United States except one, lately preached a sermon in which he avowed his belief in woman suffrage, and declared that he saw no reason why a woman should not be President of the United States.—*Ex.*

Victor Hugo, who died last month in Paris was one of the most distinguished men of the age. Victor Hugo was born at Basancon, France, on the 26th of February, 1802. His father, who was from Lorraine, was a brilliant General under the first Napoleon. His mother was a remarkably brave and courageous woman, and the poet in his verses referring to his romantic and adventurous life, says he wandered all over Europe before he was born. Although his father wished him to be educated and trained for the military, his inclinations led him in the direction of literature, and that of a high order. The first three odes which made him famous were written before he was twenty—"The Virgins of Verden," "Henry

IV's Statue," and "Moses in the Nile." At the age of 14 he had composed a tragedy—"Irtamene," and two lyric pieces, "The Rich and the Poor" and "The Canadian." Victor Hugo believed in the largest liberty, political, religious and intellectual, and was, in the best sense of the term, a humanitarian. France mourns her hero, patriot and poet, for indeed he was greatly beloved. Yet he lived to a good old age and had filled up his days in usefulness.

OBITUARIES.

DIED, of puerperal fever, at Star Valley, Houston Ranch, Yavapai Co., Arizona, Mary Celeste, wife of Andrew J. Houston, and daughter of E. K. and Ellen C. Fuller. Deceased was born in Harrisburg, Washington Co., Utah, November 2nd, 1865. Died April 10th, 1885. She left an infant son thirteen days old, a devoted husband, father, mother, and many brothers and sisters. No one knew her but to love her; she was gentle, amiable and affectionate, a loving and obedient daughter, and gave every promise of a long life of usefulness.

She was patient and uncomplaining to the last, entreating her husband, mother and others not to mourn for her, and expressing her love and affection for them in the most endearing terms. She was full of faith and perfectly submissive to the will of God, and during the last moments of her life, as though triumphing over all human pain and sorrow, she sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," etc.

Her pure, bright spirit passed peacefully away, and amidst the tears and grief of those who knew her best, she was laid in the silent tomb to await the glorious resurrection of the just, when there will be no more pain or parting forevermore.

E. B. W.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

DIED, at Mesa City, Maricopa, A. T., April 23rd, 1885, Irene Ophelia, daughter of Francis M. and Irene Pomeroy, and wife of William Newell, aged thirty-one years lacking one month.

Deceased was a faithful wife and mother, and was loved and respected by all who knew her. She was a talented and useful member of the Y. L. M. I. A. of this ward, holding the position of editor to the Young Ladies' paper, and used her best endeavors to make each paper more instructive and interesting than the last.

She leaves a husband and four dear little girls, and a host of brothers, sisters, relatives and friends to mourn her sad and sudden departure.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to call from our midst our beloved sister,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Mesa City, recognize in her death the loss of an able and useful member of our Association.

Resolved, That we condole and deeply sympathize with the bereaved husband and sorrowing children, in the loss of a kind and affectionate wife and mother.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be placed upon our one printed in the WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

JULIA P. KIMBALL,
ADDIE PASSEY,
ETTA POMEROY.

DIED, at Fremont, Piute Co., March 27th, 1885, William W. Taylor, Son of James Allen and Louisa Taylor, born December 27th, 1873, aged eleven years and three months, after a long and protracted illness of typhoid and other diseases.

At the Fremont Primary Association the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, The Lord in His alwise providence has seen fit to call our dearly beloved and much respected brother and associate from our midst,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Fremont Primary, feel to sympathize with the bereaved and sorely afflicted family, in the loss of their son and brother; not, however, without the consoling reflection that he is entitled to the glorious promise of a part in the first resurrection; and as he was a ready and willing member of our Association, we, the members of the same, feel to make and adopt the above Resolutions; and,

Resolved, also, That we make this a matter of record in our Primary Association, and a copy of the same be presented to the bereaved family, and also a copy be sent to the EXPONENT for publication.

MARGARET J. TAYLOR, President,
SARAH ALICE ALLRED, Secretary.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with feelings of deep sorrow that we record the death of our dear friend and sister, Lucy Annie Johnson, beloved wife of President W. D. Johnson Jun. She passed to her eternal rest on that holiest of all days—the Sabbath—at Kanab, at two o'clock a.m., April 26th, 1885.

Sister Lucy A. was the daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Salisbury, and was born November 2nd, 1850, in Moringo, Wayne County, State of New York. She was married to W. D. Johnson Jun. in Salt Lake City, Nov. 26th, 1870. Soon after their marriage they settled at Kanab. She was Counselor to the President of the Relief Society for many years. At the organization of the Primary Association, in the Kanab Stake of Zion, she was chosen by Sister E. R. S. Smith, and sustained by the people, as President of the Stake, and over all the ward associations.

When the Kanab Stake Relief Society was reorganized, through the great love the sisters had for her, she was sustained as President, although her great suffering never permitted her to attend to these duties.

Sister Lucy was a true and loving wife, and a helpmeet in every sense of the word. Our dear sister was a most affectionate mother, and her wife-sisters almost worshiped her. She has been a great sufferer for many years, but the immediate cause of her demise was dropsy.

During her last sickness her faith and endurance were remarkable; yet, with all, she was submissive to the will of her Heavenly Father. Even in her last moments, when her heart yearned for the presence of her much beloved husband, who was fleeing from his persecutors, her prayer was, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

At the funeral, which was held Sunday, the 26th, the meeting House was filled to overflowing—every child wishing to take a last look at their beloved President. The speakers were Pres. E. D. Woolley, Elder J. A. Little and Bishop Robinson. They paid her the highest tribute that could be given to woman, by saying she had been a pure, consistent woman in every phase of life.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, The alwise Father has seen fit to remove our dear sister, President Lucy Annie Johnson, from this sphere of action to a more exalted one above, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, her associates and co-workers in the Relief Society of the Kanab Ward, do deeply mourn her loss, and that we cherish her memory and emulate her many virtues. We can truly say her failings "E'en leaned to virtue's side." She manifested that true charity which flows from a sense of duty and a hope in God.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved husband and family in the loss of a loving wife, mother and sister.

Resolved, That we present a copy of these Resolutions to the bereaved family, also that a copy be sent to the WOMAN'S EXPONENT, and that they be placed upon the ward record.

Farewell, dear sister, rest in peace, and may the Lord grant that our future may be as bright and hopeful as thine.

[Signed]

HARRIET BUNTING,
ARTEMACY STEWART,
ELIZABETH ROBINSON,
M. ELIZABETH LITTLE.

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WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.

VOL. 14.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPTEMBER 15, 1885.

No. 8.

"SAY TO THE RIGHTEOUS, ALL IS WELL."

["Say ye to the righteous it shall be well with them, for they shall reap the fruits of their doings."—ISAIAH.]

"Say to the righteous, All is well,"
Eternal justice doth not sleep;
Say to the hosts of Israel—
"The Holy One" His word will keep.

What if oppression's waves run high?
What if the devil is not bound?
Shall you or I "The Faith" deny,
And traitors unto heaven be found?

Lo! he is great, whate'er his state,
Who clings to truth though trampled down,
Despite the ban of mortal man—
An honest soul is Nature's crown.

And what is man, and who is he,
Who would our very thoughts control?
Who laughs to scorn the Deity?
And fain would crush th' immortal soul?

"Aha! aha!" these scorners boast,
"God tarries in His hiding place."
They challenge thus the Lord of Hosts;
And fling the gauntlet in His face.

Fools! fools! indeed, ye cannot read
Their thoughts who trust in heaven for aid,
And thus ye ridicule their need,
And hope to see the just dismayed.

Stand by the truth, ye Saints oppressed,
Ye "outcasts" for the Gospel's sake;
Gird up your loins, endure the test,
Nor for one moment fear or quake.

Bonds and imprisonment and death—
The limit this of Satan's spleen;
And what is life? a passing breath,
The portal of a brighter scene.

Through tribulation's stormy seas
The noblest spirits enter heaven;
The martyr'd ones—to these, to these
Shall starriest crowns and thrones be given.

Lord! help us, whatsoe'er we do,
"To run the race" unmoved by fear,
To keep the promised prize in view,
To sense, to see, "the goal" is near.

Our children, may they proudly claim—
If nothing else they own on earth—
A spotless name, devoid of shame,
A noble heritage of worth.

'Tis certain that on history's page
Integrity to truth shall shine,
And doubtless 'tis, man's puny rage
Shall praise Omnipotence divine.

God wills to prove His own elect,
To cleanse "the wheat" from ev'ry tare;
"The little flock" He'll still protect,
Who cast upon Him all their care.

Though earth and hell their powers ally—
Yea, though they seemingly prevail
Against the Saints of God Most High—
Jehovah's purpose will not fail.

"Say to the righteous, All is well,"
The darkest hour precedes the day;
Say to the hosts of Israel:
"The Kingdom" shall be yours for aye.

EMILY H. WOODMANSEE.

Salt Lake City.

PSALM.

Thou who didst command Abraham to leave his native land, and to separate himself from his father's house, Thou art my God.

Thou who didst so love the world as to give Thine Only Begotten to suffer and die, to open the way that all who yielded obedience to the Gospel He established might attain to life eternal, Thou art my trust.

Thou who hast sent forth Thine angel and restored the Gospel in the fulness of its powers and ordinances, with Apostles, Prophets, Pastors and Evangelists, as at the beginning; and hast again committed the keys which Jesus conferred on Peter, unto Thy servants, Thou art the God whom I worship.

Thou who hast sent forth Thy servants clothed with authority to gather the honest of heart to the land which Thou hast appointed for the gathering of the last days, and the establishing of Thy Kingdom, Thou wilt accomplish Thy purposes.

In Thine own wisdom, and with outstretched hand, Thou hast brought thy people to these mountain vales; and here Thou hast inspired the hearts and nerved the hands of thy sons and daughters, and through thy blessing on their labors the sterile and forbidding desert is yielding in its strength, and the barren wilderness is blossoming as the rose.

Driven from the land that gave us birth, to the western wilds, for an asylum of peace and religious liberty, which for a season we enjoyed unmolested; "the accusers of the brethren," like blood-thirsty hounds, scented our track o'er the pathless desert, and sought out our far-off retreat.

With wanton eyes and greedy hearts they lusted for the possession of the hard-earned fruits of our untiring industry, and with measures concocted in the pest-house of deceit, supported by falsehood, they have sought to supplant us.

All this, O Lord, Thou hast suffered, that the wicked may fill their cup, and that the Scriptures may be fulfilled. We know that persecution is a portion of the legacy which the Messiah left to those who would follow Him.

Therefore we will acknowledge thy hand, and without fear or faltering, firmly maintain our integrity.

Though the rod of oppression is laid heavily upon us, and every avenue for escape should seem closed against us, with no hand but Thine to deliver, Thou, O God, wilt in Thine own time and way bring deliverance.

Though the dark billows of persecuton swell high o'er us, and threaten to swallow us up, we know assuredly that when they shall have accomplished thy purpose, Thou wilt say to the proud, upheaving waves, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Though the wicked rise up in wrath against thine anointed, and in bold defiance threaten to destroy thy Priesthood from the earth as in a former period, Thou, Lord, wilt provide a shield, and although it should be, as it were in the last extremity, Thou hast established it upon the earth for the last time, and it will never be removed.

"Zion shall be redeemed with judgment, and her converts with righteousness."

E. R. S. S.

Logan, August, 1885.

A FEW REFLECTIONS.

While looking at the scenes portrayed on the panorama the other evening, I could not help contrasting the different circumstances and surroundings of the Latter-day Saints to-day compared with those of the earlier days of the Church. The paintings seemed so real, so life-like, that it seemed to me that I was passing through those scenes and could understand the feelings they had while passing through those dreadful days. They must have been men and women possessed of heroic courage and powers of endurance, with mighty faith in God; yes, more than that, they must have known for a certainty that God lived, that this was His Church, and that those who keep the faith and endure to the end will enjoy eternal blessings, or else they never could have endured so patiently the hardships and awful sufferings that they experienced, the

contempt and scorn of associates whom they loved, the hatred and malice of the wicked who thirsted for their blood; the bitter persecutions and insults to which they were subjected were trials so severe that they must have lived very close to the Lord, called upon Him in the depths of humility, and He heard their pleadings. He knew their integrity and He sustained and strengthened them, and enabled many of them to come to these peaceful valleys, where they have not been tried in the same way. I felt that evening, and do now say, God bless every one who remained true through those trials, and be merciful to the weak who fell by the way. I wondered what I would have done, how I would have acted, had I been living then. Would I have kept the faith and been true? I said in my heart, O God give me strength and courage to do whatever I am called to pass through, that I may be worthy to be numbered with those noble men and women who laid the foundation of this work. I feel very thankful that the Lord brought my parents here, and that I had the privilege of being born in Zion, and of being taught the principles of the Gospel in my youth. I feel thankful that I believed them, and endeavored to practice them while I was young, for by so doing I have been greatly blessed, and have gained a knowledge that I know they are true. I know that God hears and answers prayers. I know there is no happiness, no pleasure or satisfaction in doing wrong, but there is true happiness in doing right. There is a spirit of peace and contentment in the heart of those who live pure and virtuous lives that cannot be obtained any other way.

MATTIE.

Nephi.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT WINTER QUARTERS.

BY HELEN MAR WHITNEY.

(Continued.)

On the 5th we had the first rain of the season, accompanied by thunder and lightning. It cleared off fair in the afternoon, when some of father's wagons were started out, going three miles as far as his stacks. President Young had sent his camp three or four miles ahead. That evening another meeting was held at Sister Sarah Ann's room, for those of the two families that were not there the evening before.

Conference was held, on the 6th, at the stand, it being a warm pleasant day.

Wednesday.—Horace mentions his father's packing their provisions, and says: "We made the last packing arrangements to-day."

On the morning of the 8th the rest of the wagons moved out. Horace says: "Before starting, Father Lott blessed Orson and myself, and gave us many good promises of health and safety—that we should return to our friends again, etc., etc. Started with my wagon at 11 a. m., myself and Orson, and went three miles, where the rest of the boys were camped. Brother and Sister Kimball went with us. Porter came up on horseback and informed us that P. P. Pratt had just arrived from England, and that John Taylor and Orson Hyde were soon expected." Father and mother invited Horace to return in the carriage with them, and his father—Bishop

Whitney—to spend the night, which he accepted, “leaving the wagon in charge of Orson and little John.” It was arranged for Horace to drive and care for the horses, and Orson was to attend to cooking and washing, etc.

The morning of the 9th witnessed the final departure of the Pioneers on their way to the mountains. They were four days traveling to the “Platte” river, to where I will follow them, after which the journal closes at Winter Quarters. Horace wrote: * * * “Fair weather for traveling. Brother Kimball, Father, Brigham, and Dr. Richards started this morning, and went in Brother Kimball’s carriage. Orson drove my team, and I rode Brother Brigham’s horse as far as his camp, where we arrived about noon, seven miles from home. Went on three miles further and camped by the side of a beautiful spring, having made ten miles to-day. Orson on guard.

“Saturday the 10th.—Fair day as usual. Father did not at first intend going on with us, but finally concluded to go to the ‘Horn’ by Brigham and Heber’s request. Travelled about 15 miles to-day and encamped on the prairie near a ravine, where we could get water, about six miles from the ‘Elk Horn.’

“Sunday the 11th.—Fair day. Traveled on and arrived at the ‘Horn’ about 2 p. m., and crossed the river on a raft drawn on the opposite side by cattle; with the assistance of ropes on either side. Brother Bullock, Dr. Richards’ clerk, took down the number of wagons as they crossed, which amounted to seventy-two. Went about a mile after crossing down the stream and encamped—the wagons formed in a line, our horses being hitched to stakes, and fed on cottonwood trees, besides their allowance of corn. Brother Kimball told the brethren this morning he hoped that they would not go hunting or fishing, for if they did so, they should not be prospered, as this was a day set apart for the service of the Lord, not for trivial amusements. Stood on guard to-night—the last watch.”

Monday the 12th.—Brothers Brigham, Kimball, father, Brother Benson, O. Pratt, G. A. Smith, Dr. Richards, and a number of others went back to Winter Quarters. Before starting, it was agreed by the council that the remainder of us left behind should travel on about twelve miles to the ‘Platte,’ in order to get across an extensive bottom that intervened, lest it should rain and make it bad going, accordingly we travelled on and encamped on the banks of the Platte, the sun being about two hours high. Formed our wagons in a kind of semi-circle, under Stephen Markham’s supervision, who has the cannon in charge. Brother Markham called the people together this evening and told them it was the wish of the Twelve that some should go ahead and look out for a good track to follow. Father Case, Jack Redden, and two others volunteered. * * *

Tuesday the 13th.—Father Case, J. Redden, and the two others appointed went out. Returned and reported this evening that they had ridden for twenty or thirty miles, and found a low marshy country in general.

Friday.—The Presidency having returned, the camp were called together and organized—two captains of 100’s, viz., Stephen Markham and A. P. Rockwood were appointed; also five captains of 50’s and fourteen captains of 10’s. There are 153 men and boys on the list of pioneers, three women, and Lorenz Young’s two little boys, and 73 wagons.”

The names of the women were: Harriet Young, Clarissa D. Young, and Ellen Sanders Kimball. Horace speaks of Brother J. C. Little, who was among the late arrivals, bringing some valuable presents from Colonel Kane to President B. Young, father, Porter Rock-

well, Father John Smith, and Aunt Sabra Granger, an old nurse in Father Whitney’s family, to whom he sent a box of black tea. He remembered a number more. Among them was Don C., my husband’s little brother, to whom he sent a complete and valuable set of fishing tackle, having seen him often during his (the Colonel’s) sickness at Cutler’s Park.

About 2 p. m. the camp started, and Father Whitney, J. C. Little, William Kimball, Joseph B. Nobles, Lyman Whitney, little John Whitney, and others returned to Winter Quarters, bringing the last mail from the Platte. We were glad to learn that they had gone on, thinking it would hasten their return home, besides their stopping so near made it seem much harder than as though they were traveling on. But we were not slow to improve the opportunities to correspond. Every messenger was the bearer of letters and tokens of affection while they remained there, for we did not know when we should have the chance again. How far they were going, or how long would be our separation, no one could tell. They were going beyond the trackless wastes of the Great American Desert—to what was then an almost unknown country, among the wild beasts and red men of the Rocky Mountains. Nor were they to turn back till they found some suitable spot where they could form a colony, and make homes that they thought would not be coveted nor encroached upon by their white brethren, who had so mercilessly driven them from their midst. The outlook was indeed a gloomy one, and needed all the faith and hope that could be mustered to sustain us under the circumstances, for death was sweeping away its victims, and want and suffering seemed to be staring us in the face, which required courage, and a mighty effort to obtain the requisite amount, to be able to bear up under it. That was among the saddest chapters in my history; and it made so vivid an impression that though years have elapsed, and erased many a scene of later date they have not been able to obliterate it from my memory, nor can I ever dwell upon it without weeping. But the Lord was very merciful, and it was only through His interposition that so many were spared to meet again in the flesh. For all we were brought into tight places, and many even to the point of death, there came deliverance when most needed. There was always a bright star of hope glimmering between the heavy clouds as they bore down upon us, till at last it seemed as though the very heavens were being opened to pour down a healing balm upon the wounded and disconsolate—proving that “Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.”

“COULD YE NOT WATCH WITH ME ONE HOUR?”

These words of the Savior rose in my mind last Sunday as I sat in the congregation at the Tabernacle waiting for the service to commence. As is usual, there was much low talking going on, and I was so unfortunate as to get seated before two men, and could not avoid hearing their talk. I thought of the “lash of small cords” by which the Savior drove out of the temple those who bought and sold in it, and His severe rebuking words upon the occasion. In words, these two men bought and sold and built houses, bought land, sat in judgment on the market and other business matters, and evidently forgot where they were, and that a crowd were within hearing, who had assembled to worship the great Creator of all good; and to offer up grateful hearts for all the blessings so bountifully bestowed on His creatures of every grade and clime; who had also come to lay aside the daily cares of life, its trading, and trafficking, and merchandising—in fine, the whole routine

of the “six days’ labor;” and to prepare by silent communings for the receiving of the emblems of the atonement spread out before the eyes of the whole congregation. I query if those talking men were even aware of those holy emblems and the *Presence* which they indicated! or if in partaking of them they would fail to realize the why and wherefore of the act! Their worldly talk must have also distracted the thoughts of those around them who were within hearing. I asked myself the question, Is it possible these men bear the Holy Priesthood? I would hope not. What must strangers in the congregation think when they are liable to hear just such discussions as fell upon my ear? Can we feel injured if they go away and say, “How ignorant these Mormons are?” Most true, such conduct is the personification of ignorance. In all the churches of the world silence is ever observed before commencement of the service, and shall we, as members of the Church of Christ, fail in this beautiful and *speaking* silence when in His Holy Temple? I have ever felt the incessant talking upon all sorts of topics, often degraded to gossip, in our Tabernacle is derogatory to Saints. I cannot throw the mantle of ignorance over it—for the principles of our holy religion ignore such uncouth rudeness—and a true Saint has an intuitive comprehension of the “fitness of things,” and has the heavenly polish of the Gospel! This I instantly discovered on my first introduction to a Latter-day Saint, and I have in no instance seen it fail. We profess to stand on a higher platform than the world; yet in no other place of worship did I ever see the latitude and lightness exhibited as in our Tabernacle; * * * and we cannot feel injured when we hear strangers in our midst condemn the light nonsensical, gossiping talk that is carried on every Sabbath Day in our House of God! There we see the elements of the atonement spread out before our eyes, covered by pure white napkins, the cups that are to contain the emblem of the spilt blood of our Redeemer, and shall the minds of the congregation be so insensate that they cannot concentrate their thoughts upon that tremendous sacrifice which these elements typify? withdraw their thoughts from the cares and small joys of earth, and fix them for a time upon the greatness and sublimity of eternity? or in His own touching words, “Watch with Him one hour?”

Shall good manners mark everywhere in the world a lady and a gentleman, especially in the House of God, and shall it be noted that in the Temple of the L. D. S. only are seen and heard the thoughtless and the irreverent? God forbid! Among *them* should *especially* be seen “an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace!” or by what can we be judged?

“The sweet amenities” of life may certainly be reciprocated in the House of God, kind inquiries after the sick and afflicted would be in character, or short remarks upon some of the principles of our holy religion, in low soft voices, but business and worldly cares should all be left at home, that the mind may be able to concentrate itself upon the holy rites we assemble to commemorate. It will one day be said: “The Lord is in His Holy Temple, let *all the earth* keep silence before Him!”

HANNAH T. KING.

August 27th, 1885.

“Nine young women lately received the degree of B. A. at the graduation exercises of the Royal University of Dublin.”

The American Woman Suffrage Association will hold its seventeenth annual meeting in Minneapolis, Minn., on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Oct. 13, 14, 15.

WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of all Nations.

VOL. 14.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, NOVEMBER 15, 1885.

No. 12.

[For the EXPONENT.]

PAST AND PRESENT.

[CAUSED BY AN INTERVIEW AFTER LONG ABSENCE.]

In a mirror now I see
I am not what I used to be;
The Glass your presence holds!
I marvel at the mighty change—
Through what a length of years I range
To view all it unfolds!

There was a time when just *that* voice
Would cause each fibre to rejoice
In my responsive heart,
Would cause my brain to lighten up
As though a consecrated cup
Its incense would impart,

And cause the Sun himself to shine
With beams that seemed indeed divine,
And Earth a paradise—
And life put on a gayer suit,
And flowers sprang up, and luscious fruit
Seemed daily to arise!

There was a charm within that eye
That seemed thy words to magnify,
And fill my soul with love;
Yes, with a worship, holy—pure,
It seemed my spirit to allure
With incense from above!

No earth-born passion fed the flame
That glittered on the mystic chain
With an electric light;
I feel it was a given dream,
That hovered as a rainbow beam
O'er many a stormy night!

And now, this day, 'tis shewn to be
An evanescent dream to me,
That I no longer need;
I've climbed the hill—I stand above
The needed dream of earthly love—
It now would but impede;

The glow worm's little light is given,
E'en from the chancery of heaven,
And for a purpose wise;
And grateful I will ever be,
The light of love was shed on me;
I feel it was by heaven's decree
To aid my soul to rise!

PSYCHE.

MORMONISM.

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE SUBJECT.

Man the author of our Bible and our Religion, the Maker of our Laws and the Supreme Arbiter of our Destiny—Considering the mess he has made of it, would not a New Departure be in Order?

Everything depends upon the point of view. Few women will be found who have given thought to the subject that would not as a choice of evils, prefer Mormonism. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Statistics show that crime, misery and debauchery among the Latter-day Saints are reduced to a minimum, and may well put us to the blush. Where in any Christian State of our Union is a parallel to be found. But, oh, horror! Does a woman endorse polygamy? Not without qualification. Since men will have plurality of wives, why not legalize the relation, both in religion and in law? Have the courage of your convictions; give all your wives the shelter of your name, the refuge of your roof. Woman's interest is

best observed by that system, which at least gives her legal status.

We are accustomed to refer with pride to our Christian homes, as the outcome of our civilization—yet they are only one step removed from the brothel, the saloon, the gambling-house. Does it never occur to the male-mind that all these hideous ulcers which are eating out the heart of society, are directly tracable to the one great crime against woman—the edict of both the church and state—that she should be subject to man? Might makes right, the old, old maxim, handed down through centuries of rapine and bloodshed! How far has an enlightened Republic founded on the principle of personal liberty, progressed in the century of its existence? As far as woman is concerned a mere weak reproduction of old-world system! It is always the woman "that thou gavest me;" made for man's use; a plaything, a bauble, a convenience (and under all conditions a necessity), put to any use, to serve the lord and master's sovereign will; in theory a divinity, in practice a slave to his passions and his lust!

Just here every "lady" in the land takes issue with me, but ignore, as it we may, the fact remains, the poor outcast is indeed our sister, and every blow at her strikes you and me as well. The poison has penetrated through every grade of society, and man, who made an "outcast" of the one is not apt to shrine the other as a "divinity." To his depraved soul all women are alike. It is in this degradation of humanity that every social evil has its birth, its growth and its assured longevity! All religions have been powerless to arrest the ever increasing momentum of the social evil. The Christian minister draws the line at the "outcast's" door—who enters here leaves hope behind—for her no help or solace here nor in the world to come! Yet there was one, whose teachings we profess to follow, that said, "Neither do I condemn thee, go, and sin no more."

Why should the woman be condemned, while the man goes unscathed? Surely all religions teach that God is no respecter of persons—then, why should man make laws to controvert God's law? Being so much more able, physically, to take care of himself than woman, why should all safeguards of society be for him alone? He claims that the woman must be taken care of, and such is the care he takes of her. Just now the civilized world held its breath in horror at the ghastly revelations made in London, one of the great centers of christianity and civilization. Just one glance of the awful abyss was accorded—enough, one should think, to make every man bow his face to the dust, and then the gay whirl of society went on as before. The collective wisdom of the masculine mind can find no remedy—the only crime committed seems to be in the exposure. Is not the earth His and the fulness thereof? It was urged against the man, who now holds the highest position in the gift of the people, and, as we proudly claim, on the habitable globe, that he had failed to "seal his wives unto him," and with one voice the response came from every masculine throat, "We all do it; why make a scapegoat of one?"

From the intimate relations of the sexes man can never rise higher than the plane to which he assigns woman; and this fact easily explains all the complications into which our civilization has drifted. We started out from

also premises and have naturally reached false conclusions. It is the old feudal system, transplanted to our shores, and its blight has fallen on our religion, our politics and our whole social structure.

With woman, as co-laborer, how beautiful the world might be. The one not inferior and degraded, the other with no proud sense of ownership and authority. Both together, equal in every natural right—as Omnipotence intended them to be—earth would be better in the new condition, and marriage, religion, truth, justice and morality something more than an empty sound.—*Chattanooga Daily Commercial.*

KINDNESS.

Among all the characteristics of life, kindness is one that is most essential. We should endeavor to be kind to each other, and try our best to make those with whom we associate happy. Those who are truly kind and noble by nature, like the truly modest and pure, generally think others likewise, whereas the naturally mean and vulgar are apt to charge others with being the same.

We as young people should always be kind and have due respect for the aged; for we hope some day to be old ourselves, and then we would like to be respected.

Show me a home where kindness exists and there you will find union and strength. Then how necessary it is that little seeds of kindness be sown in youth that they may blossom in old age.

We may go still farther and see what effect kindness has on a nation: where it does not exist you will find hatred and strife. For an example we have only to look around and see the thousands who are fighting against Zion. There is no gem that a lady or gentleman can wear that will glitter brighter than true regard for others.

MRS. C. KIRK.

HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

AN UMBRELLA-STAND.—Take a piece of stove-pipe of proper length; cover the outside with Lincrusta Walton, procurable by the yard at almost any paper-hanger's; gild or bronze this with the liquid prepared for such purpose. Paint the inside of the pipe a dark red, and fit in a wooden bottom.

LETTER RACK.—Select two smooth and strong wooden butter-plates such as are supplied by your grocer; cut one down for the pocket; place the edges together and glue a strip of black muslin over them. Give the whole two coats of black paint. Paste on daisies cut from cretonne or, better, paint them on—if you can; varnish the whole rack inside and out with white varnish; add hanging ribbons to match the daisies.

CUSHION FOR HAIR-PINS.—To the bottom of a round box—say a collar-box—about four inches in diameter and one and a half high, glue a piece of pasteboard as a rim. Do not use the cover. Fill the box with curled hair. Crochet, from straw-colored Saxony worsted, a cover to fit snugly over the box and thus form the crown of the hat; crochet a rolling rim on this and draw it over the pasteboard. Tie a

ribbon around the crown as a hat-band, with a bow on one side.

SCRAP BASKET.—Get or make two pasteboard boxes of the desired height, one of them two inches smaller in diameter than the other. Place one within the other, fastening the bases together, and join at the top with a two-inch strip of pasteboard sewed strongly around the tops. Sew a neat cretonne panel on each side, with a band of plush at top and bottom and a plush ball and tassel at each corner. Line with silesia to match the plush. Or, the panels may be of satin with flowers painted in.

A PHOTOGRAPH CASE—capable of holding several dozen cabinet or imperial cards may be made by folding a piece of plush together and cutting it two inches larger than the card. Cut out a piece of wigan for lining, a trifle smaller, and baste it on the plush; then baste the plush, and line the edges with satin, hemming this on with very fine stitches. The pockets are of plush, one quarter the width of the case; turn the edges of these and hem them to the back. Decorate the pockets with "Forget-me-nots," or some other appropriate flower-

SCRAP BASKET.—Get four bamboo sticks from some furniture factory, or four rustic sticks if bamboo is not obtainable; gild the rustic sticks if these are used. Purchase a fancy straw basket and line it with satin. Make the lambrequin of plush of the color of the lining; cut the lower edge in squares and point each square. Embroider a spray of flowers in the space between the sticks. Line it with satin and attach to each point a tassel made of crewel. Fasten the lambrequin over the inner edge of the basket so as to conceal the top of the lining. Mount the basket on the sticks, tacking it on from the inside.

A CARD RECEIVER.—This may be made by cutting three pieces of rattan, each nine inches long, and joining them at the top by tying them together with strong thread. Spread two of them far enough apart at the bottom to make a well proportioned easel, and attach the cross-piece as a rest. Cut the envelope—a perfect square—from a piece of Panama canvas; bind the edges with narrow brown satin ribbon, and work some little pattern in the corners with brown silk; fold and overhand the lower parts together in to envelop-shape, and fasten it on the easel. Ravel out a piece of the canvas and tie a bunch of the raveling at the top and at each foot of the easel with a ribbon bow.

CHRISTMAS BANNER.—Over a piece of heavy brown paper of the size of the proposed banner, stitch a piece of light sea-green cotton flannel for the central panel, and very dark cotton flannel for the bands at bottom and top. The pendant balls are made with the dark flannel over round pieces of pasteboard. Suspend them on gilt cord; a heavier cord, to match, should be used for hanging the banner. Sew a piece of natural holly in the central panel; cut the letters from white paper; glue white cotton on their faces, and then sew the letters to the dark bands. Glue or stitch small pieces of cotton all over the banner to suggest snow. Larger pieces should be glued at the top of the bands and upon the pendants.

PHOTOGRAPH SCREEN.—Cut out eight pieces of pasteboard, each 8½ inches by 6½. In four of these pieces cut away the centers to form the mats or inside of the screen. Cover each mat neatly with wine-colored satin, letting it overlap the opening in each mat about half an inch; slash and baste around each opening. Cover the back of the mats with silesia and hem the satin on this. Cover the other four pieces with satin on one side and silesia on the other; overhand them around the edges. Baste

the mats and backs together, silesia inside, and overhand them together on all sides except the top, which is left open for slipping in the photographs. Decorate each mat neatly and gracefully. The name of the person to whom the screen is to be given may be worked on the outside.

A PAPER RACK.—Get a wooden box—a starch or soap box—from your grocer. Take it apart, and plane and smooth it carefully. Use the bottom of the box for the back of the rack. Cut one of the end pieces to a width of six inches, for the shelf; saw the brackets for the sides of the shelf from the side-pieces of box, and cut the lid down to the right dimensions for the slanting front of the rack. Ebonize all the parts with the "ebony liquid" used by cabinet-makers; nail shelf, brackets, and slanting front, securely; putty the nail-holes and blacken them, so that they will not be noticed. Cover the front of the rack with some neat border design in Lincrusta Walton, gluing it on, and gilding it, or leaving it the natural color, as desired. Put strong cord or fancy wire through the back of the rack to hang it up by.

POCKET PIN-CUSHIONS.—To make the pansy, cut three pieces of purple velvet, and three of yellow silk, line with bits of white wigan, and join as nearly as possible in pansy form. Cut a back to fit the whole, cover this with purple velvet, and join it to the pansy with a layer of cotton between, sprinkled with sachet powder. A few lines of yellow paint on the purple leaves, and purple on the yellow leaves will give more of the pansy look.

The star is formed of twelve diamond shaped pieces of card-board—six for the front and six for the back, alternately covered with dark and light plush or velvet. Overhand the parts together, and join the back and front of the star, placing a layer of scented cotton between.

The domino is made of black satin ribbon, cut to just the size of a domino. Work the dots in with white silk; glue both faces to stiff cardboard; make a narrow edge of black satin, overhand the dominos together; fill with bran and sachet powder before closing up one end.—*St. Nicholas.*

CARELESS PENMANSHIP.

Contributors to magazines and newspapers should write a legible hand, using ink invariably. Nothing is more exasperating to an editor than to receive carelessly scrawled manuscript unpunctuated, probably, and written in faded ink or blurred lead pencil. No wonder the waste basket is never empty! The importance of writing distinctly when writing for publication was recently illustrated in a magazine in London. In a clergyman's letter from Asia, he meant to write the "people of Judca," but the printer made it "the people of India." The manuscript was submitted to an expert chirographist, who decided that the printer was entirely justified. The clergyman's "Judea", as written, had an I instead of a J, an n instead of a u, and it was impossible to decide whether the next to the last letter was intended for an e or an i, it being as near one as the other. People who write carelessly and indistinctly, when writing for publication, have nobody but themselves to blame when mistakes are made in printing names of persons or places. The printer is usually wonderfully expert in deciphering bad writing, but he cannot perform miracles. As an experiment, let the reader hastily write down the words Judca and India, without dotting the i of the latter, and then submit it to a company of friends to decide "which is which and which is t'other.—*Selected.*

HONOR TO THE AGED.

In the Second Ward in this city on November 2nd a pleasant surprise party was given to our worthy President, Sarah Smith Wheeler, on her 79th birthday, by the sisters of the Relief Society, where all present enjoyed themselves at a dinner, prepared by the sisters, and in offering congratulations to one who has labored so long and faithfully as our president. The sisters also presented her with a small purse of money.

We could not tell thee half the good
That now our wishes softly bear,
In heaven alone is understood,
The fullness of our birthday prayer.

SARAH MITCHELL, Sec.

LITTLE LETTER.

DEAR SISTER WELLS:

I am a member of the Richmond Primary class. Our President and her counselors do all they can to make our meetings interesting. We held a Primary District Conference—our Stake President, Sister Jane E. Molen was present and gave us some good instructions.

I like to attend Primary meetings and Sunday School. My father is on a mission and I hope that I shall be worthy to be a missionary when I am old enough and labor for the Kingdom of God. With love to all, I remain,
your young brother in the Gospel,

CHARLES W. NIELSON

P. S. Sister Wells will you please insert this little letter in the EXPONENT?
Richmond, Nov. 5th 1885.

NOTES AND NEWS.

"Mrs. Myra Clarke Gaines, of course under a fictitious name, is the heroine of a new novel by Rhoda E. White, entitled "What will the World say?"

"France has agricultural schools for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen, and has 300 girls from six to eighteen years of age. The farm is over 400 acres.

A new play, called "The Doctresses," to make fun of lady M. D.s, has just been brought out in France at a popular theatre. "All Paris" is rushing to see it, and to join in the laughter bestowed on the heroine of the piece, who is, of course, an "M. D."

"The *Woman's Advocate* is a little paper edited by Mrs. M. H. Pengily, in the interest of sane women confined in lunatic asylums. It also makes an earnest plea for the better treatment of women patients in these institutions, who are too often cruelly mismanaged."

"Mrs. Fanny Sawtell, of Lontezuma, Colo., has been working a mine which she owns there, for six years, and says she never enjoyed life better. When in the mountains by herself, she wears a belt filled with cartridges, and a 'life-preserver,' for self-defence in case of need.

In most of the cantons of Switzerland the children of poor people are regularly hired out by auction, lest their parents should be compelled to seek public assistance. Recently, in the market-place of Biel, near Berne, in spite of the heartrending entreaties of a widowed mother, her four young children, ranging from two to ten, were "placed" out for a year to the highest bidder by the public crier. Switzerland evidently needs to adopt woman suffrage.

A SONG OF ZION.

Zion, awake, for the darkness falls,
And a long night cometh on,
And the trusted friends in the banquet halls
To the foeman's camp have gone,
And the traitor's tongue and the slayer's arm
Are nerved to deal the blow,
To break thy strength and to spoil thy homes,
By the faggot's cruel glow.

Daughter of Zion, go lay aside
Thy raiment rich and fair,
Go, free thy heart of its worldly pride,
And cover thy shining hair,
For the wicked watch and wait for thee—
They hate thy virtue rare;
Let thy festal song and thy joy be stilled,
And bow thee in fervent prayer.

Daughters and sons, can ye rejoice
When truest and bravest men,
Chained and guarded, are crowded in
Like lambs in the prison pen?
Children of Saints, do ye forget
That the bondage cometh first—
Till the soul is proved and purified—
Ere the prison walls are burst?

Lol the trump of God hath sounded now
The call to the battle field,
"Thrones shall totter" and rulers bow
And every nation yield;
Then forth from every temple's height
Shall peal with one accord,
"Free Israel's song to usher in
The reign of Christ the Lord."

AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

South Bountiful, November 7th, 1885.

THE SEASON FOR MEDITATION.

"It is the melancholy season" of the year, the time when all nature puts off her beautiful garments with which she has been so profusely and artistically adorned, and as it were, bewails her fate, moans for the lovely robes with which she has bedecked herself and that she must now lay aside for a season baring her bosom to the piercing winds that blow so fiercely and the cruel storms that beat so heavily, stripping off even the few faded and tattered shreds that still remained to cover her naked limbs.

What a wonderful creature is nature, and how emblematic in all her movements and in all her ways of life, even in sympathy, we might almost say sentiment and positively say feeling. How grand and with what majesty does she array herself after wearing the royal crown of summer gracefully passing to the still more royal purple and crimson of Autumn, and with what dignity doth she clothe herself as though for a queenly presentation to all her subjects, that they may behold her grandeur on hill and mountain height and in the magnificent forests in splendor almost dazzling.

In the Spring one's thoughts come lightly gushing up from the fountain of the heart like an overflow, dancing to the rhythm of the babbling brooks, and merry songs of birds, and twitter and hum of insects, but in the late Autumn days, one feels the shadows of silence creeping on and around, and a sense of dying beauty with which the deepest feeling of the heart holds sweet companionship. Ere the winter with its yule-logs and Christmas festivities has really come, there is oft a sense of dreary calm, as though nature were enjoying a sort of silent repose, and though the winds are occasionally restless, and sudden storms sweep over the landscape, ruffling the composure of nature and of the human heart and mind, yet this mood invites to meditation, thought, reflection; sentiment, if you will, and even in a peaceful way one falls to musing and recalling the delights of other days. The scenes are shadowy and fill us with something beyond the power of speech, we commune with

ourselves and find it most effective. Silence and repose are sometimes the most grateful sensations, for in the bustle of the great living, breathing, pulsing world, we lose our best thoughts; they fly away from us and are lost in the realms of space beyond recall. At times when quiet reigns in nature's realms we hunt for these lost treasures, and though we may not indeed find them, we have a touch of memory from them that brings us calm. No, we cannot live over again what has gone, but in memory we reproduce pictures of the bright, the beautiful, the gay, the sombre and clouded, all touching tenderly the heart, through the memories which have lain folded away from sight, and almost entirely forgotten, until some trifle in nature, or some particular mood recalls it, all at once, we know not exactly why.

The dead past, or the face of a dead friend, or the gentle touch that thrilled our souls in bye-gone days, may come with a quiver of pain, or a soft whisper of peace, and, in a moment, as it were, bursting upon our view will appear a whole horde of recollections that seemed to have been buried forever. How beautifully are all such feelings toned, and the proud spirit of mortal subdued by the peculiar conditions of the fading of the green leaves, "the death of the flowers," and the sighing and moaning of the winds of November.

The remembrance, too, of "fruitless longing," aspirations of the soul that have failed of fulfillment, endeavors to climb to heights unattainable because of the many obstacles in our pathway, and the rough rocks and sharp thorns that left us torn and bleeding, and yet in other places loving hands have tended us, folded us in the bosom of peace and guided our weary feet "through the green pastures and by the still waters."

Goodly gifts come too, with the Autumn, a rich heritage of corn and grain, the sheaves sometimes exceeding heavy, and luscious fruits and nuts of brown, these remind us of the meritorious labors of those who have garnered sheaves of good works, and laid up treasures of wisdom and knowledge against the day of need, the time when the Lord, the judge of all the earth, shall require from each an account of their labors and the use they have made of that which was entrusted to their care and stewardship.

"So much of change my life hath known,
I love those dear familiar ways
In which I walk and muse alone
In all the calm of Autumn days."

To ramble undisturbed at this season of the year and hold sweet discourse with Dame Nature, not in the passive eloquence of words but in that communion of exquisite silence that calls out the truest sympathy, and the best and purest thoughts and feelings of which humanity is capable. Such rare moods refresh the weary soul and make us feel that God is ever near to own and bless his children.

AUNT EM.

FATHERS OF THE NEXT GENERATION.

Pass by the girl of the period for once, and consider the ways of the young man of our day. Is he such a paragon that he has a right to set himself up as a railer at the gentler sex? That the young woman has taken new fields of work is very true, but she has done so in spite of the competition of the young man of the period, and thus earned her place by the survival of the fittest. While she has done this the native young man has left the plow and the work-shop, and has sought what he supposes is more genteel employment, until the useful branches of indus-

try are now largely filled by persons born and trained in other countries. While the general increase of education has opened up many new employments for girls, and they have taken their places in them bravely, the young men have drifted into clerkships or speculation, or into the small politics, most ruinous of all. The same is true in matters of higher culture. The young man has become listless, or idle, or has gone undisciplined, while the girls have organized book and music clubs, attended lectures, and otherwise fitted themselves for the more exacting duties of our modern life. It is often the case that, while the rich young man goes rapidly to the dogs by reason of his bad habits and worse vices, his sister is engaged in the exacting duties of church or charity, or in other work which cultivates the humanities and does the world some good. The real truth is that, the country over, there are not enough earnest, deserving, ambitious young men to marry the honest, sensible, well-meaning girls who are ready to do a true woman's part in building up good and happy homes. Our family training, defective as it may be in many respects, has still kept the rein on girls, while it has given the spur to boys, and if the gamblers are sensible they will try to devise some way to overcome this inequality, and thus bring the young man up to such a standard as shall fit him to do something else in life than to stand off and rail at the follies or the frivolities of young women.—*Selected.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A beautiful soul is rather to be envied than a beautiful face.—*Ez.*

Strike from mankind the principle of faith, and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.—*Bulwer.*

Natural ability without education has oftener raised man to glory and virtue than education without natural ability.—*Cicero.*

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.—*Horace Greeley.*

There is a gentle element, and man may breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul, and drink its living waters till his heart is pure; and this is human happiness.—*N. P. Willis.*

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.—*Philips Brooks.*

I cannot tell you whether there is any particular etiquette to be observed in administering a kiss; the great beauty of a kiss lies in its impulsiveness, and in its impressibility.—*H. W. Shaw.*

Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings"), by whose death we lose not merely a humorist, but an uncommonly shrewd coiner of aphorisms that condense much practical wisdom, it appears was the Uncle Ezek of the *Century's* "Bric-à-brac" department.—*Ex.*

Parents should remember that what they are in themselves will form a far stronger force in molding their children's characters than the most fervent exhortations they can utter, the most urgent efforts they can make, or the longest array of motives they can present. It is their living example that will be followed. If to them duty is a cross heavy to be borne, and happiness something quite apart from it, perhaps even opposed to it, no reasoning, however cogent, no assertions, however forcible, no testimony, however weighty, will ever convince their children of the contrary.

WOMAN'S EXPONENT.

EMMELINE B. WELLS, Editor.

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CHOOSE THE BETTER PART.

The present time is, to the Latter-day Saint, fraught with the most intense interest, as well as big with mighty events, and it causes one to meditate solemnly, and weigh and measure one's own capacity and strength to endure the trying ordeals through which the Saints are, and may be called upon to pass, in order to prove their integrity and steadfastness to the truth. Humility, patience and sacrifice are necessary to the Saint of God, and one needs to be clothed upon with all the Christian graces to meet and combat with, and overcome all the influences, temptations and besetments, as well as all the opposition, that arouses in the soul the fire of indignation at repeated insults from those who delight in making war upon the Saints of God, and destroying the virtue and purity of those who have been made partakers of the truth, and received that knowledge which carries conviction to the human heart. As there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, so also is there exultation in the dominion of Satan over one who is lost from the fold of eternal life. The powers of darkness are growing thicker and darker, and the thralldom of sin and iniquity is binding faster and stronger its chains upon those who have stepped aside from the "narrow way," and been caught even unawares in the snares and devices of the enemy of all righteousness.

A venerable lady, who is now no more, has often reiterated in our hearing a saying of Joseph the Prophet, "that the time will come when the powers of darkness will be so great that they would be much more to be dreaded than disease, for they would be more seductive, catching and deadly in their nature."

Surely this will come to pass, and how shall the Saints guard and protect the innocent and inexperienced from such unforeseen and terrible dangers?

All the protection that can be thrown around the youth of Zion, all the teaching of fathers, mothers and instructors, as well as the noble example that must ever characterize those who stand as expounders of correct and holy principles, all these and more will be necessary to preserve the purity and faith, and promote the higher spiritual development of the children of Zion under the peculiar exigencies of the Saints in this day and age, and the evils brought into their midst by those who ridicule virtue, and set a price upon the heads of men who seek to inculcate and establish institutions that tend to a higher moral plane, and a broader field of philanthropic effort for the human family; men who have thrown aside the advantages and emoluments that the world offers, for the sake of doing a nobler and holier work for the benefit of mankind, temporally as well as spiritually. And this work cannot fail, however offensive it may be to the government, and to those who cannot comprehend its fitness and genius, yet it will endure, and those who fight against it will be destroyed, just as the prophets foretold. Mean-

time the Saints have need to guard every loophole where sin and iniquity might enter, or any evil influence penetrate to lead astray the weak, the young and unsuspecting.

If the youth of Zion will hearken to the counsel and instruction of their parents, and of those who are set to lead and guide in Israel, they will choose "that better part," and gain that true knowledge that cannot be taken away. There is much to learn in the present for those who will avail themselves of the grand opportunities which are now open to them, and also much to be achieved. There will be abundant material, too, in the events now transpiring, to make history and biography replete with thrilling incident and interest. There is no monotony in Mormonism, there are always new occurrences, new scenes, new phases to make it interesting, and add to its importance as a religious system and social topic. The injustice shown to the people of Utah, after their having settled upon desert lands and made them habitable and fruitful, must necessarily have a telling effect upon the children and rising generation, for they cannot help feeling and realizing the wrongs their parents have suffered from that *free* government which should have vouchsafed to them protection and religious toleration, instead of which it has encouraged and authorized encroachment upon rights, civil and religious, even to disfranchisement and cruel persecution.

The report of the Utah Commission to the Secretary of the Interior, and the extreme measures these men have suggested to the general government, are too much even for many bitter opponents of the Latter-day Saints to countenance and approve.

The judges and their satellites, who administer and enforce the proscriptive laws, made to punish men who have chosen the better part, that leads to exaltation and endless lives, are so blinded by bigotry and the love of greed that they cannot see to pluck the beam from their own eyes, but probing with instruments of keenest quality to discover the mote in the eye of any true "Mormon." The words of the Savior in regard to the beam may, with all consistency, be applied to the terrible and crying social evils that exist in all the great cities of the world, and indeed throughout Chirstendom; while here in Utah a few have accepted a higher and better form of marriage, one that tends to social purity and the elevation of the human race, and these citizens cry aloud against any little mote, which, compared to the practices and habits of so-called enlightened society, may well be reckoned as a mote to the beam. The noble and heroic examples of many whose lot it has been to stand before the courts and receive sentence, has won for them the admiration of all who recognize true manliness. And there can be no doubt as to the result of such conduct upon the youth of Zion. It will tend to strengthen the weak and give courage to the indifferent, and prove beyond a fear of contradiction, to the honest and sincere lovers of truth, that there is an inherent power in the institutions of the Church that enables its followers to rejoice in tribulation, and through suffering to be made strong, that thereby they may attain to the same glory and blessings as Abraham, having been tried like unto him and the Saints in all ages.

IN MEMORIAM.

DIED, in this city, Tuesday, at 2 p.m., November 10th, Mrs. Phœbe Whittemore Woodruff, wife of the Apostle Wilford Woodruff, President of the Quorum of the Twelve. Sister Woodruff's death was sudden, although she had been suffering from the effects of a fall, which occurred about four weeks previous, and she had been failing somewhat in health for the past few months. The absence of her husband, on account of the persecution now raging against this people, calls

out the sympathies of all their friends, and especially because of their advanced age and the many years they had spent together.

In many respects Sister Woodruff was a remarkable woman. She was strong-minded in the best sense of the word, and her integrity to the Gospel could scarcely be surpassed; she had endured much privation and hardship that her husband might fill his missions among the nations without murmur or complaint. Twice she accompanied her husband abroad upon missions; once to the Fox Islands, and to England. She has ever been an earnest and energetic worker among the sisters in the organizations of the Relief Society and the Associations, and has filled several honorable positions. She was chosen President of the Relief Society in the Fourteenth Ward at the time of its organization in the spring of 1857, by Bishop Hoagland, and held the position until the move south, resigning after her return, on account of increased family cares. Sister Woodruff was one of the presiding officers of the General Retrenchment meetings, that are held semi-monthly in this city in the interest of women's associations and advancement. She has traveled extensively in the Territory with her husband and the sisters, exhorting and instructing the sisters in their duties in the organizations, and in the various spiritual and practical labors, in which woman's mission upon earth consists. Sister Woodruff was a woman wise in counsel, and one that excelled in judgment. When the Deseret Hospital Association was organized, she was chosen one of the Board of Directors, which position she held until her death. She was well versed in the Scriptures and in Church history, and gifted in faith and prayer, religious in her nature and characteristically Puritanic in her attributes, domestic habits and conduct.

At the Woman's Mass Meeting in the Salt Lake Theatre, Nov. 16th, 1878, Sister Woodruff delivered a powerful extempore address on the woman's side of the "Mormon" Question, in fact her whole life, since she received the Gospel, has been devoted to her faith, and she has abundantly proved her zeal and devotion by her labors, both public and private.

Sister Woodruff was born in Scarborough, Maine, March 8th, 1807. Her parents were of English descent; her maiden name was Carter, and on her mother's side Fabyan. In 1834 she embraced the Gospel, and about a year after went to Kirtland, Ohio. Her parents and friends were much grieved at her leaving them, and her mother remarked she would much rather bury her, and when she was about leaving said to her, in the most impressive manner, "Phœbe, will you come back to me if you find Mormonism is false?" And in the most affectionate manner the daughter answered thrice repeated, "Yes, mother, I will!" and her mother knew that she would keep her promise. When all her preparations were made she dared not trust herself to say "goodbye," but wrote her farewell to each, "then ran down stairs and jumped into the carriage," and drove away from the beloved home of her childhood, alone in the world, for the love of the truth and for the sake of uniting herself with the Saints of God.

After her arrival in Kirtland, Miss Carter, as she was then called, became acquainted with Wilford Woodruff, whom she subsequently married in 1836, and was the mother of nine children, four of them now living; one son, Wilford Woodruff Jun., and three daughters. Bro. and Sister Woodruff came to the valley in 1850, he having been called from Winter Quarters on a mission to the Eastern States, whither his wife accompanied him, after his return from the valley with the pioneers.

Sister Woodruff has left on record some very powerful testimonies to the truth of the Latter-day work, and of Joseph Smith, as a prophet, seer and revelator.

The writer was personally acquainted with Sister Phœbe W. Woodruff since the sojourn of the Saints in Winter Quarters, and always found her a true friend, a woman whose word was sacred, true in every place and faithful to duty at all times, a mother in Israel in every deed, firm and unflinching in the hour of trial, patient and uncomplaining in adversity, and always a comfort and strength to her family, and all with whom she was associated.

Her funeral was held in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, on Thursday, Nov. 12, at one p. m. where she had so often addressed the sisters in their meetings. Beautiful flowers in profusion were laid upon her coffin, also a sheaf of wheat, fully ripe, emblematic of her life and works. The coffin was borne from her home to the Hall by members of the family and near friends, followed by the mourners, some of the Apostles and Board of Directors of the Deseret Hospital and the Relief Society of the ward, in regular procession.

The funeral services were conducted by Bishop Thomas Taylor, and the singing, which was very touching, was rendered by the ward choir. Bishop O. F. Whitney offered an eloquent prayer, and brief speeches were made by Apostles H. J. Grant, J. H. Smith, Bishop L. D. Young, Prest. A. O. Smoot, and Apostles J. W. Taylor and F. D. Richards, and the Bishop, each one testifying to her integrity, faith and good works, and relating, in some instances, incidents in her life and character. The last hymn, "Come to me," was very affectively rendered, and the benediction pronounced by Patriarch John Smith. Thus after a long and useful life, she has passed to her rest in the full hope of a glorious resurrection beyond the grave. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. GEO. H. SCOTT, Local Agent for the Geneva, New York, Nurseries, has arrived in the city for the purpose of soliciting orders for fruit trees and ornamental trees, shrubbery, etc., etc., for spring delivery of 1886. The Geneva nurseries have been doing business in the northwest for many years past, viz.: the Territories of Montana, Dakota, Utah, etc., etc. A large shipment will be made here this fall. The trees shipped here to this section have been first class in every respect, and in most cases are doing well, as the testimonials published will show, and these few represent the opinions of a great many people, for the shipments have been large here for a number of years past. Mr. Scott will take orders principally for ornamental trees, shrubbery, plants, etc., etc. He makes this work a specialty. Office Central Block, West Temple.

SISTERS Minerva W. Snow and Elizabeth Howard made a tour through parts of Emery Co. in the month of October, via the D. & R. G. Railway. They arrived in Price on Thursday evening, Oct. 22nd, and went on to Huntington, Friday, and held a general meeting there in the afternoon, which was well attended; Bishops and other brethren were present, as well as sisters. Saturday they went over to Castle Dale, accompanied by Sister Ann Pulsipher, Coun. to Sister Annie Larsen, Prest. of the Relief Society in that Stake. Here they were joined by the President who resides in that place, remained there over Sunday, attended the Sabbath meetings, and on Monday held three meetings, one with each organization. On Tuesday the sisters went over to Moab and held a general meeting; then went on to Feron, where they held three meetings, and then to Orangeville, where they also held meetings, and from there to Wilsonville, where they met with the Relief Society and organized a Primary Association. From there they returned to Hunt-

ington, where they held three meetings, and came on as far as Price, where they stopped again and organized the children in a Primary Association in the forenoon, and in the afternoon attended a meeting for the organization of a Relief Society in that ward. In journeying through the Stake, the sisters met with the utmost kindness from Bishops, and many kind friends and acquaintances, and were everywhere most hospitably entertained, and enjoyed the trip very much indeed; also the society of those with whom they traveled through the settlements, and all whom they came in contact with, and no doubt the visit of the sisters will be productive of great good to the Relief Society and Y. L. and Primary Associations, as it is gratifying to get such practical instruction, as well as spiritual, as can only be given verbally from those who have had years of experience in teaching and advising others.

REASONING ON MORMONISM.

The Latter-day Saints are the friends of mankind. They love virtue, good order, morality, and everything that will bring about a reform temporally and spiritually; this they endorse with all their energy and good will. They love to do God's bidding and keep His holy commandments. In all ages of the world God has chosen individuals here on this earth to declare His word and purposes concerning the inhabitants thereon.

He has given a commandment to the Elders of this Church, to go into all the world, to every nation, tongue and people, and preach the Gospel; "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," and the signs shall follow them that believe. If the signs follow the believer, then they have obeyed the true Gospel. This is one proof they have, for the same signs follow the Latter-day Saints as the Former Day Saints.

Another proof of the validity of this Gospel is the knowledge of the true God that has been revealed, which gives to His people eternal life. St. John, 17th chapter, 3rd verse, "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." And again, the Savior saith, "No one knoweth the Son except the Father revealeth Him. The Father said to Joseph Smith the Prophet, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." As the Father and Son stood before him, Joseph Smith saw the only true God, whom the Latter-day Saints worship, also His Son. I will here give a description of these two personages in the language of Joseph Smith, Book of Covenants, Section 130, 22nd verse:

"The Father has a body of flesh and bones, as tangible as man's; the Son also." Then He is a material being? And this is according to the Bible teaching. Genesis, 26th verse, "And God said, Let us make man in our own image after our own likeness." The Savior tried to impress upon the minds of His disciples that he that saw Him saw the Father, and said He was in the express image of the Father. Probably they had a vague idea of God as they worshiped idols then; as now an imaginary god is worshiped—an immaterial substance he is composed of. If I am conversing with a friend, and they remind me of something of not much importance, I reply, "It is quite immaterial to me." Do they not understand this invisible, incomprehensible being as a phantom, of not much importance, it would be immaterial to take notice of his immaterial majesty, if so, we can account for the falling away from justice, and the non-enactment of good and wholesome laws, and for the great amount of crime that goes unpunished.

Out here in Utah we have a standing post of Government soldiers. They are paid by "Uncle Sam" to be idle, get drunk and disturb the peace; there is no manner of use for them here. The

only thing that is brought to notice here is polygamy; our best business men, with good sound judgment, doing business in a straight forward, honorable way, showing good, honorable treatment to their households, courtesy and respect to the opposite sex, are tried for good conduct. No lady in Utah need fear an insult from these most honorable gentlemen, who are the peers of those who handle the proscriptive laws to persecute time-honored, law-abiding citizens, and let rascals go free, themselves to boot, if justice was meted out; sent here to break up an upright community, who are trying to live by their hard-earned industry, after struggling through privation and hardships, and through many years of toil, have gathered a small annuity to support their dependent families; it is now wrenched from them; by whom? An official, that has not wiggled his little toe to earn one dime of what he takes from his honest peer, and thrusts him out of society, and deprives him of his usefulness and his family of that support, that they are entitled to receive. I say give them the length of the rope and they will hang themselves. Shame on such doings! What wonderful logic, what great oratory, and what swelling of words it takes to confirm in a sensible mind where that great Edmunds law-abiding, constitutional crime comes in. One would think, naturally, that wise heads were getting scarce. There must be a lack of weight in the brain. There is no force in the law to quell, mob violence, or put down secret society outbreaks; ruin is on the verge of time.

Ye officers of state, look well to home affairs; let your eyes rest on sin of the blackest hue at your own doors. Time is short, do not waste it on Utah. First make clean the inside of the platter, and the Latter-day Saints will clean both sides. "Of little meddling comes great ease."

MARY ANN M. PRATT.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LAIE, Oahu, H. I., Oct. 28th. 1885.

DEAR SISTER WELLS:

Since I wrote last, Sister Kaahanui Kaleohano, one of our best Hawaiian sisters, prominently connected, for many years, with the Relief Society of these Islands, and mother to Sister Lucy Kahaulelio Ioane, now in Salt Lake City, has been called to her last rest from mortal ills. She was a faithful Latter-day Saint up to her last moment on earth, and was for a long time a counselor to the President of the Relief Society of the Islands, but her failing health made it difficult for her to perform the duties of that position, and at last April Conference she was released from that calling, and chosen for a counselor to the President of the Laie Society, where her duties would be more local and lighter, without materially lessening the value of her services to the cause.

She joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in July, 1851, being baptized by Prest. George Q. Cannon. She was then about fifteen years of age, having been born July 2nd, 1836, and died on September 4th ult., of dropsy, after a severe and lingering illness of several months, which she bore with remarkable cheerfulness and fortitude, putting her trust in the Lord, by which she was relieved from all fears or anxiety respecting the final change, that for weeks she calmly anticipated. She was much beloved by all the Saints at Laie, and by all that knew her, as was fully attested by the entire colony, who gathered to pay their last respects to her remains, shedding many tears for her departure.

The semi-annual conference of the Improvement Associations was held at this place, on October 2nd. There was a goodly attendance, and the exercises were creditably performed, showing commendable improvement in the young people, and that an upward impetus has been given

to these interesting organizations of late by the energy of the presiding officers.

One of the interesting features of the conference was the reading of the manuscript newspapers, one being published by ladies, and another by the gentlemen. In the ladies', entitled *Ka Olino O Na Mauna*—The Splendor of the Mountains—this being the third number, there were short, spicy articles under the heading of "Dewdrops," "Provoking Mirth," "Means for Recuperating the Race," "Foundations of Poverty and Real Wealth," "The Crown," "Catching the Monkey," a story with a moral, "The Rose," "Gathering to the Mountains," "The Famine for the Word of God," "Beautiful Zion" (poetry), all of which, of course, were written in the Hawaiian language, and for the most part unintelligible to me, but, as I am informed, will compare favorably with like compositions from among the young people at home, and from the deep interest awakened in the congregation by the reading of these essays, I am satisfied they must have possessed some intrinsic merit.

The Conference of the Relief Society was held on the 3rd, it being well represented from all the Islands. The reports showed that the different branches were mostly in good working order, and alive to the welfare of the widow and orphan, the sick and destitute, and to the higher duties of guiding and strengthening the morals and religious proclivities of the mothers, daughters and children of the Church, while some few were slack, being neglected by those who were placed in charge. Sister E. Farr was again sustained as general President, with Sisters Wilcox Kalua Coles and Kaheana Kealakaihonui, as Counselors. Sister Nalia Kekauoha was appointed First Counselor to the President of the Laie Society, in the place of Sister Kaahanui Kaleohano, deceased.

Interesting and encouraging remarks were made by several of the sisters, and all the officers were unanimously sustained, and the financial and other reports approved.

On the 4th the General Semi-annual Conference convened at 10 a.m., in the large new meeting house, and continued, with the ordinary intermissions, until the evening of the 6th. This conference is said to be remarkable for the number of people in attendance, and for the unremitting and increasing interest manifested by all from beginning to end. The addresses of the Elders, both foreign and native, were spirited and instructive, as evinced by their almost magic effects upon the congregation. There seemed to be a united and true Christian feeling existing among the Saints. The hospitality of this people is remarkable. In this respect they are not surpassed, if equaled, by the Saints in Zion, who are everywhere noted for their benevolence, generosity and liberality, and, withal, their patience, forbearance, and long-suffering. I find many qualities among these poor people to be admired, although there is much in the condition of society here that is deplorable, as elsewhere, among more highly civilized people.

Some few days previous to the conference the Elders came in from their several fields of labor, and remained on the plantation until the 17th inst., when they again took their departure to the various islands, and to their labors in the ministry for the ensuing six months. During the visit of the Elders our little society was quite lively, the brethren enjoying each other's company very much after their separation. We seem quite deserted now, since our number has become so few, but from recent reports from home, we are looking forward to the arrival of several new missionaries soon.

The Saints have purchased a set of brass instruments, at a cost of nearly \$400, and now, under the tuition of Bro. Isaac Fox, of Lehi, Utah Co., a selection of young men are making rapid progress in the art of making music upon them, and Laie will soon be favored with an efficient brass band. The natives take to music much as

they do to water—that is, like ducks, or amphibious animals, or like fish themselves.

Some twenty-six acres of sugar cane has been planted this summer, and the crops are looking well. This season has been very favorable for crops. Stock looks well, feed being abundant on account of copious rains.

Praying for the welfare of Zion, and the loved ones at home, I am, with love,

Your sister in the Gospel,

J.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CASCADE LOCKS, Oregon, Nov. 8th, 1885.

MRS. EMMELINE B. WELLS:

My ever Blessed Sister.—If I should try I could not describe how refreshing your kind letter was away here, although I am surrounded with dear ones.

In this romantic place of nature's wild fastnesses—it would seem reaching "up to nature's God." In front of the house the rapids commence. The grand old Columbia, with silent majesty, like time, "never returns to grind a mill." Across the river is Washington Territory. The banks, as well as the mountains beyond, are covered with evergreen—Oregon Fir it is called. There are little lakes close to the base of the mountain opposite, manufacturing clouds that rise so white and beautiful; the down stream wind and mountain currents of air, sometimes causes them to cross each other, while the green trees below make a most charming picture; above the clouds are grand, this morning, especially, as the struggling sun rays fell in spots at the summit, they gave it a grandeur truly sublime.

After twelve days of rain—for twenty-four hours it had not ceased to come straight down—this is winter weather here. The old settlers say the country is improving, but I often think there is no place like home, although my duty called me here, and I am always happy and contented in the fulfillment of duty. How lonely it is here, you can only imagine; comfortable and luxurious in doors, with books, papers and music, but all these grow monotonous, in sickness in particular. * * *

I intended to have been in the Logan Temple and part of the time in the city this winter, but things come so unlooked for. I am thankful the Deseret Hospital is getting along as well as it is; I was so in hopes to have done something to benefit the institution while in Logan, but fate seems to control us often contrary to our own calculations, but I shall try to do the best I can always. My health is improving some; the rheumatism is not so bad, although the damp weather is not so very pleasant; I have to be so careful.

The lack of appropriation for River and Harbor improvements by Congress this last year, is a detriment here. It will take about four years to complete the work here if liberally appropriated for by Congress.

Dear sister, I often think of the pleasant times we have had, as neighbors, and in visits, meetings, etc.; I trust we may yet have many more. Please remember me kindly to those across the water, your own dear self, and the loved ones in Salt Lake. * * * * * God bless our dear loved ones, wherever they are—a mother's daily and most humble petition.

You have still a busy life in doing good. I ever feel to pray for you all, my dear sisters—E. R. S. Smith, M. I. Horne, E. S. Taylor—yes, all that are trying to do good, my heart is with you, especially when you meet in the Fourteenth Ward meeting; the faces of the loved ones are ever before me; I long for their sweet company, the loving shake of the hand. I had no thought of being thus separated when I saw you last, but it is all right, we learn new lessons that will be for

our good, for we do trust in Father, and acknowledge His hand in all things.

God bless you, my precious sister. I often say in my heart, "The duties you perform are many," but there is One who knows. Sweet peace, health, strength and wisdom ever be yours, is a loving sister's daily wish, and all your blessings and promises, if faithful, will surely be realized, and they are many, so never be discouraged.

Love to dear Sister Atwood, Sister Grant and Goddard, Sister Lydia Ann Wells and the others.

Your sister in the everlasting covenant,

Z. D. H. Y.

PATTY SESSIONS.

[Continued.]

Sister Sessions speaks of many times of refreshing little meetings and mentions many names of sisters who have since passed behind the veil that were associated in these meetings—Louisa Beamen, Vilate Kimball, Sister Robert Pearce and Sister Leonora Taylor and Sister Cutler. In several places in her diary she refers to blessings pronounced upon the heads of the sisters that have since come to pass.

On Saturday, the 15th of June, 1847, as recorded in her journal, having previously made all needful preparations, Sister Sessions, with her husband and family, left Winter Quarters to come to "the mountains," as she terms it. It was just ten years on that very day since they left their fireside and home in the State of Maine to come to the gathering place of the Saints. Sister Sessions says, "I drove one wagon with a four ox team; we went only four miles the first day, and the next day went on fifteen miles further; there are fifty-one wagons with us; third day we travel seven miles, there was a heavy thunder shower, but we reach the camp on the Horn River." Then she describes the crossing of the river by this large company of heavily loaded wagons, the various inconveniences, the sinking of the raft at one time wetting the meat and grain, the unloading, drying the provisions, etc. There are many of us who remember similar occurrences in our own experience on that journey, no doubt, and wonder, perhaps, as I often do, how we endured it all so bravely.

Friday, the 11th, she says, "Fifty-five more wagons came up, and all crossed the Horn River safely. Patriarch John Smith came up to the company on the 12th, and brought word that Sister Mary Ann Pratt had arrived at Winter Quarters. Bro. Parley P. Pratt went back from the camp to see her." On the 17th she says Bro. Pratt returned and Sister Eliza R. Snow and a great many others came up. Here she mentions Bro. John Taylor coming. "Tuesday, the 15th, the brethren are called together to organize." She mentions the sisters "hulling corn," and making small cheeses. The 17th and 18th, the brethren keep coming, and mentions the marshall going back for the cannon. "On the 19th we leave camp at 12 o'clock and travel fifteen miles to the Platte River, and on Tuesday, the 22nd, the cannon, Nauvoo Temple bell and the skiff having arrived a 8 o'clock in the morning, the organized company moved on, traveling five abreast, the two cannons, Temple bell and skiff heading the middle line; go fifteen miles and camp on the prairie, near the Platte River. 24th move on ten miles, and stop at 10 o'clock, waiting for others to come up and have a meeting to receive instruction. 25th, go two miles, and camp with a company of Indian traders; Dr. Bartlett was one of the company. They had been to Pawnee. 26th, go twenty miles, and camp on Beaver Creek. Sunday, June 27th, we had a public meeting for the whole camp." Sister Sessions also writes of a meeting of the

sisters later in the day, and that her granddaughter, Martha Ann, asked to have a little meeting with Martha Van Cott, and that the gift of tongues was given them. 28th, the men were called out to drill, and she speaks of the bell ringing for prayers throughout the camp night and morning. "At 1 o'clock our company moved on, the cannon in the rear; Parley's division go in the rear this week. 29th, we travel ten miles, and camp on the Loupe Fork of the Platte River; we passed the Pawnee village; it had been burnt recently by the Sioux. 30th, we wait one hour for Smoot's company to go on out of our way; go ten miles, when we come up with the whole camp. The men go out to find a safe place to cross. We passed another Indian village to-day. July 1st we cross; Bro. Taylor's company go ahead, and we travel about one mile after crossing the river. July 2nd we go on twenty miles, and camp on the prairie without wood or water, but we had a heavy shower of rain with a great deal of wind. July 3rd we go on sixteen miles, and strike the pioneer trail near the Platte River—Peregrine shot an antelope—Bro. Sheets calls this Musquito Bend. We found old wickiups to burn to cook our food by. Sunday, the 4th, we rested and held a meeting. The sisters had a meeting afterwards at Sister Thompson's tent. Monday, the 5th, made a bridge to cross the creek; we travel fifteen miles; Parley's company go in front. We traveled all day on the pioneer's trail, and camped on their camping ground; found a guide board which marked 217 miles from Winter Quarters, but the way we have come it is 190 miles. Tuesday, the 6th, we went on eighteen miles, and camped on the bank of a stream from the Platte, where Indians had been camping; some of us burnt the wickiups for wood, others waded the stream and brought over wood on their backs. The camp did not all come up with us; Smoot's company have not come, and Grant's company have not been heard from since Monday. Go fifteen miles Wednesday, and camp where the pioneers did; found another guide-board, which said they had killed eleven buffaloes before the 2nd of May. Thursday move on a little farther, and come on the pioneer's camp again; found another guide-board, and Peregrine and Bro. Pratt saw two horses; Bro. Pratt and Bro. Taylor caught them; (supposed they had been lost by the pioneers). The sloughs are so bad we cannot follow the trail of the pioneers. Friday night we camp on the Platte River. Saturday a party from the camp went out to hunt, and Sunday morning sent back for a wagon to bring in their game. We held a meeting, and also a meeting of the sisters. The hunters returned with 1,800 weight of buffalo meat. Monday morning it was divided out among the camp; we stopped, after going twelve miles, to smoke the meat; the brethren went out to an island to get wood. Bro. Spencer's company travel ahead this week; he is Captain over the first hundred wagons. On the 13th we go fifteen miles, and find the grass very short; some of our men went hunting and killed four buffaloes. In Grant's company, the cattle broke out of the yard last night, killed a cow, broke off several horns and broke a horse's leg; they have to stop and recruit, etc. The 14th we go on six miles, and stop for the rest of the camp to come up; we've seen two herds of buffalo to-day, and found a guide-board with a letter in it, stating it is 360 miles from Winter Quarters; we call it 284 by our calculations; killed one buffalo, and divided it out in our fifty." Here she writes about oxen being sick, and tells of the ways contrived to exchange and to work one ox alone on the lead, etc. On the 16th she speaks of having seen thousands of buffalo, that some ran in among their cattle, and one was shot, and three others wounded.

So the journal goes on day after day, telling of hardships, of the exertions made to get wood to cook the food, of the wild game they kill and divide, etc., of the cattle they have die, and those that stray away, etc. On the 17th she states they got word that Grant's company had lost seventy-five head of cattle. Sunday, the 18th, they get letters from the pioneers, and they were read in the meeting; they were left at the ferry which the pioneers had made. On the 20th a meeting was called of four hundred, and decided that five yoke of cattle must be spared out of each hundred to send back to assist Grant's company. A man was sent back with them—Bro. Gusten.

These items are only given in detail to show how this second company from Winter Quarters traveled. It being the first company after the pioneers, and following on so soon after, makes it of more consequence historically than those companies traveling later.

During the time of journeying, almost daily, it seems from the records, there were children born—one or more—and so far no deaths, except the man that was shot at the Horn River. Women were miraculously preserved under these trying circumstances, and the greatest faith seems to have been given to all, even the children; indeed, the Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon them insomuch that they rejoiced continually.

R. S., Y. L. M. I. A. & P. A. REPORTS

ORDERVILLE.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

Our Relief Society has been in working-order for the past ten years. With Louise C. Spencer as Prest., and Susannah S. Fackrell and Clarrissa A. Hoyt as her Counselors; with occasional changes of Secretary and Treasurer. Though not possessed of a great abundance of this world's goods, we are still able to add our mite towards building Temples, assisting the poor, etc.

We have this year succeeded in purchasing a very suitable house, one large room below and two rooms above, which gives us good store room. Our meetings are held regularly, and a good spirit prevails.

Occasionally we meet in social gatherings, one of which took place on Thursday 29th ult, that being the 49th birthday of Sister Susannah S. Fackrell, her children wished to meet, with many of her friends, at her new house, not as a surprise party, but just to have a good, sociable time.

Accordingly, about one o'clock, a company of about sixty persons met, and enjoyed friendly greetings and a good dinner, after which a hymn was sung, and the house dedicated; Prest. T. Chamberlain offering the dedicatory prayer.

The brethren being very much hurried with their labors, then retired.

After new arrivals were refreshed, the meeting was given into the hands of Prest. L. C. Spencer. A hymn was sung, after which a very impressive prayer was offered by Sister Clarrissa A. Hoyt.

Many strong testimonies were borne and many comforting words spoken, with many kind wishes for the welfare of Sister Fackrell.

The meeting closed with singing and prayer, when the company dispersed, all feeling that we had had an enjoyable time.

Praying that the Lord will preserve the honest in the truth, and comfort and strengthen all in the trials we may have to pass through, we remain your sisters and co-workers in the cause of truth.

LOUISE C. SPENCER,
SUSANNAH S. FACKRELL,
CLARRISSA A. HOYT,
LYDIA K. YOUNG, Treasurer,
HANNAH E. HOYT, Secretary.

PRICE, CASTLE VALLEY, EMERY CO.

EDITOR EXPONENT:

Hitherto we have had no organization in our midst, and we know you would be pleased to hear from us. The health of the people is good with one or two exceptions; and all are feeling well in the principles of the Gospel.

We were pleased to have a visit from our beloved sisters, M. W. Snow and E. Howard, from Salt Lake, also the Stake President, sister Annie Larsen and first Counselor, Sister Ann Pulsipher, on the 3rd of this month, when the sisters were organized in a Relief Society and they organized a Primary for the Children for which we feel truly thankful having a desire to be one with the rest of our sisters in helping to carry out the commandments God has given. We have held two meetings which were well attended. The sisters expressed themselves as willing to try and carry out the instructions given by those who preside over them. Hoping you will find space in your valuable paper for this, our first attempt, and, praying our Heavenly Father to bless us in connection with the Relief Society in other places and in all the world, that we may accomplish a good work, we remain

Respectfully,

S. G. COX President,
PAULINE PACE,
KEZIAH EMPEY, Counselors,
ISABELLE BIRCH, Secretary,
EMMA MATHIES, Asst. Secretary,
SARAH LEIGH, Treasurer.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Strawberry Short-Cake.—Bake a rich paste in pie-plates. Have six ready; In these spread stewed strawberries well sweetened; lay one upon another, six deep. In winter, use preserved or canned berries.

Cocoanut Pie.—One cup of white sugar, butter size of hen's egg, whites of three eggs, well beaten, one tablespoonful of flour, three-quarters of a grated cocoanut, and milk of cocoanut added last, or a tablespoonful of milk, scant measure. Bake on pie-plates, lined with puff paste.

Mincemeat for Pies.—Three pounds of meat (after it is boiled;) four pounds suet, three and one-half pounds raisins, one and one-half pounds currants, one-half pound dried cherries, three teaspoonfuls of Burnett's Extract of Nutmeg, and mace to your taste. Four pints white wine, one pint brandy, four pounds brown sugar.

Mincemeat for Pies No 2.—Six cupfuls beef, twelve cupfuls apples, three cupfuls sugar, two cupfuls butter, two pounds raisins, one quart cider, three tablespoonfuls cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls allspice, one tablespoonful of Burnett's Extract of Nutmeg.

Lemon Pie.—Two lemons, four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, eight tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar. Grate the rinds and add two teaspoonfuls of Burnett's Extract of Lemon. Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs, and beat the yolks with half the sugar, all the butter, rind and extract; pour in the crust and bake till the pastry is done; then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add the rest of the sugar, put in on the pie smoothly and bake in a quick oven one minute; this makes the upper crust.

Lemon Pie No. 2.—One egg, one lemon, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, four heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter; mix the corn starch with a little water. Pour upon it a teacup of boiling water. Beat the sugar and egg together, grate lemon, then add all to corn starch. Bake with an undercrust. When done, beat the white of one egg light, and one tablespoonful of powdered sugar; put on top and brown in oven.

Yankee Puffs. Two ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs (yolks and whites separate), three teacups of milk, three teacups of flour, one saltspoonful of salt, one and a half teaspoonfuls of Burnett's Extract of Vanilla. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and well-beaten yolks, then the milk, which should be salted,

dredge in the flour by degrees, and when these are well mixed, add the flavoring and whites of eggs, previously beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in well-buttered teacups, about fifteen or twenty minutes, till of a light brown. As these puffs rise very much, the cups must not be filled. Serve as soon as done with sweet sauce.

Plum Pudding.—Take three-quarters of a pound of chopped suet, three-quarters of a pound of stoned raisins, three-quarters of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of citron, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, two apples, cut into small dice, and a tablespoonful of Burnett's Extract of Lemon; mix the whole in a basin with three teaspoonfuls of Burnett's Extract of Cloves, a pinch of salt, six eggs, and a half a gill of rum or brandy. Butter a pudding mould, fill it with the mixture, and tie a cloth over the top. Place a plate at the bottom of a kettle, which is three parts full of boiling water. Put the pudding in, and boil for four hours, keeping the pot replenished with boiling water. Turn out the pudding on a hot dish; sprinkle with sugar. Pour over half a pint of warm rum or brandy; light it when putting on the table. Serve with German sauce.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Central Ward, Graham Co., Arizona, a vote was taken and carried unanimously, that we draft some Resolutions of condolence to the memory of Sister Emma Irene Cluff, daughter of Joseph and Phebe E. Cluff, who departed this life July 1st, 1885, aged sixteen years and six months.

Whereas, She was loved and respected by all her associates, also a faithful member of the Association, a willing worker at all times, and devoted to the cause of truth and righteousness, every member of the Association mourns her loss greatly, for she was alive to her duties whenever called upon to perform any of the labors of the Association,

Resolved, That we condole with the bereaved parent and relatives in the loss of their dear one, not, however, without the consoling reflection that she will come forth in the morning of the first resurrection.

Resolved, that we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved relatives and friends of the deceased, and pray that the Heavenly Comforter may enable them to bear this uncomplainingly.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, that another be retained in the Association, and that a third be sent to the EXPONENT for publication.

[Committee]

PRESIDENT AND COUNSELORS,
SARAH E. CLUFF,
SARAH A. YOUNG,
ALPHRETTA R. CLUFF.

We must be prepared to meet her,
And our loved ones who are there—
There, there is no sin nor sorrow
In that land so bright and fair.

But oh, this world is full of sorrow—
Nothing here but bitter woe;
But we have a work to finish
Here on earth, before we go.

The following patents were issued to women during the week ending Oct. 27, 1885:

Carrie C. Boyd, Fruitport, Mich., Handle for Package-Carriers.

Sarah A. Elliott, Norfolk, Va., Flower-Frame.

Emma E. Hodson, Chicago, Ill., Bustle.

Amelia R. Lane, Brooklyn, N. Y., Elastic Button-hole Attachment for Garment.

Lilly B. Tubbs, Philadelphia, Pa., Cutoff for Hydraulic and other engines.

Catherine Whitney, Lawrence, Kansas, Mangle.

Of all injustice that is the greatest which goes under the name of law; and of all sorts of tyranny, the forcing of the letter of the law against the equity, is the most insupportable.—*J. Estrange.*

Beauty is a fairy; sometimes she hides herself in a flower-cup, or under a leaf, or creeps into the old ivy, and plays hide-and-seek with the sunbeams, or haunts some ruined spot, or laughs out of a bright young face.—*G. A. Sala.*

TESTIMONIALS.

COALVILLE, UTAH, Oct. 12, 1885.

GEO. H. SCOTT Esq.,
Salt Lake City, Utah,
Agent Geneva Nurseries,
Geneva, New York:

Dear Sir:—In regard to the trees, shrubs, plants, etc., I received from your nursery during the spring of 1885, I can say that every one has grown, and give promise of doing well, notwithstanding it was very late in the season when I planted them. I believe the nursery stock delivered by this firm is first class in every respect, and I take great pleasure in giving the Geneva Nurseries my most hearty endorsement as a most reliable firm in every respect. Their hardy Russian apples—the "Iron Clads"—will certainly stand our climate.
W. W. CLUFF.

PRESIDING BISHOP'S OFFICE,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
June 12, 1885.

MR. J. A. GOODHUE,
General Western Agent,
Geneva Nurseries, N. Y.,
Salt Lake City, Utah:

Dear Sir:—In the absence of my father, from whom I have received your favor of the 22nd ult., I take pleasure in saying for him that the trees and shrubs ordered from your house reached us in excellent condition, were exactly according to the bill, and are so far doing well, almost without exception. As to how they will succeed in the somewhat unfavorable spot where we are located, we cannot, of course speak with any certainty; but the fact that they have lived at all in a soil so cold and damp, with occasional submergings followed by drought, indicates their strong healthy condition at the time of planting or setting out. I shall be pleased to inform you later as to their much-hoped for growth and well-doing.
Respectfully yours,
JOHN Q. CANNON.

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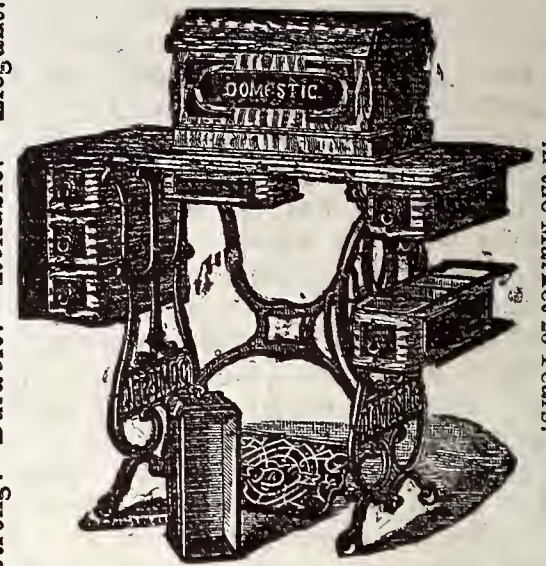
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